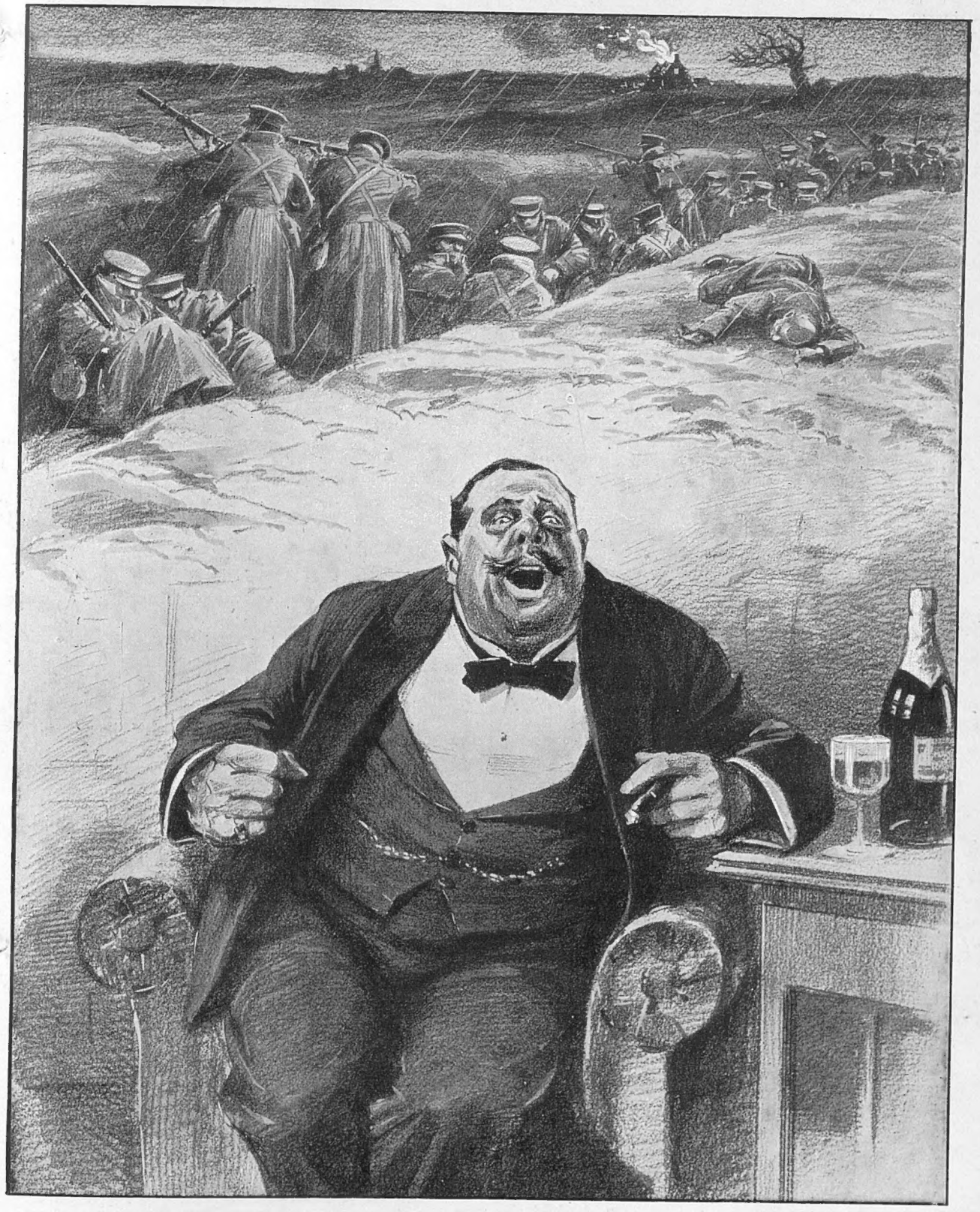
The Bystander, January 27, 1915.—No. 582. Vol. XLV.

The BYSTANDER



"WHY DON'T THEY GET A MOVE ON?"

BY RALPH CLEAVER

ENTERTAINMENTS.

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Bystander Comments

[These notes give the Editor's view of the way of the War. The lighter side of life, social and theatrical, is dealt with under separate headings on other pages.]

The Only Way

IF I were attached to the recruiting poster department of the War Office I should send out a poster worded thus-wise:

JOIN THE ARMY

IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO FORGET THE WAR

'Twould worry people, no doubt. Still a little dense, many of us imagine that to be engaged in the war, or preparation for it, is to be interested in, or well-informed concerning, its operations. It is not so, of course. The people who are war-worried are uniformly those who are not on service of any kind.

* * *

Pity the Stay-At-Homes

If you see a happy-looking face, it belongs to a man in khaki or blue, and if, perchance, it is the property of one in mufti, rely on it he's some official. The worried looks are worn uniformly by people who are engaged in "business as usual." It is we who read the paper with minute care. It is we who seriously vex ourselves as to the state of affairs in the Bois de la Grurie, and writhe when we read that a trench has been evacuated therein or that progress around Berry-au-Bac has not been maintained. It is we who search the maps to trace the whereabouts of Kirlibaba. It is we who speculate on whether the war will last three, ten, or thirty years, and sketch minimum terms of peace and unalterable maps of Europe as it shall be. It is we who suffer untold annoyance from the machinations of Dernburg in America, and the lies of the German wireless. It is we who read Mr. Norman Angell, Mr. Shaw, and Yellow Books of atrocities, and suffer accordingly. It is, in short, the stay-at-home who suffers those mental horrors of the war before which physical horrors notoriously pale.

What It Means To Be "In It"

Go to the war, or into a training camp, and you endure primitive sufferings which are detestable or not, as may be. But the sufferings of the body are nothing to the sufferings of the soul. By going into the country's service, a man takes leave of the war as a theorem and knows it only as a problem, in the solution of which he is but an infinitesimal factor—and he generally likes it.

* * *

That Little Trip of Kitchener's

I see that the Germans have got hold of the alleged real truth as to Kitchener's September visit to France. According to the "wireless," it was with the object of preventing France from making a separate peace. We may dismiss the nonsense about a threat to bombard the French coast if France refused to comply. In view of the fact that we had an army at the mercy of the French and Germans, to have made such a threat would have been to invite the massacre of that Army. But it is probably true that, at about the time of the first German advance on Paris, there were influences at work in Paris to make peace, and that prominent among the mischief-makers was M. Joseph Caillaux. The packing-off of the French Government to Bordeaux was probably due in some measure to Britain's desire that the French Army should know not Joseph and his brethren.

* * *

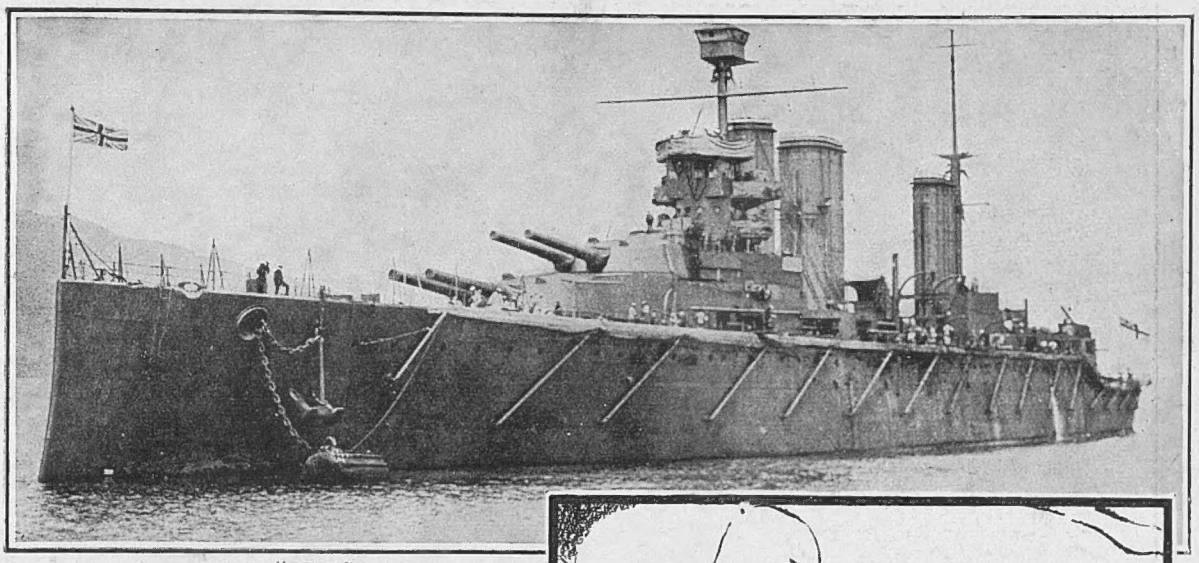
What Might Have Been

By the way, it is interesting to speculate what would have been the state of affairs had France done as Joseph desired, and made a premature peace. The British Army would, of course, have been withdrawn as quickly as it went. Should we have gone on with the war? It is a nice point. As the war was, in the

(Continued on page 100)

Slight Slump in Tridents

THE NEW NEPTUNE GETS ANOTHER BITE OF HELIGOLAND FROM A BRITISH "LION"



H.M.S. "LION"

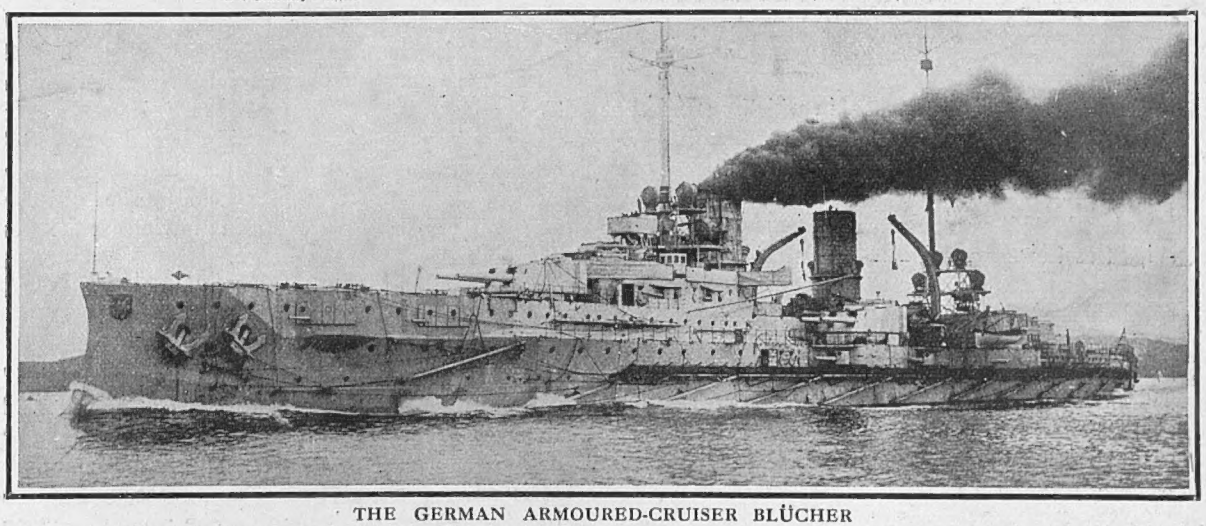
The flagship of Vice-Admiral Sir David Beatty, and one of the fastest and most powerful fighting ships in the world

Photograph *Speaight*

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY

Commander of the successful squadron of British Battle Cruisers in last Sunday's fight

With acknowledgments to LUSTIGE BLÄTTER *as a slight improvement on its cartoon showing Von Tirpitz in the rôle of Neptune*



THE GERMAN ARMOURED-CRUISER BLÜCHER

Sunk in the action in the North Sea on Sunday last. Though not a Dreadnought, she was the most powerful armoured cruiser in the world, and was formerly Prince Henry of Prussia's Flagship. The action emphasised the value of the battle-cruiser, of which type of ship the Germans have now only four left

By picking off the "Blücher" Britain adds to her bag another of Germany's crack ships; unlike the German "victories" the British is one of fair fighting, in the open sea, not of assassination in the dark, and the victims are fighting men, at their posts, not women and children in their beds

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

BY GERMAN WIRELESS—SPECIAL!

So great is the shortage of horseflesh in England, owing to its use for human food, that the British mounted bluejackets have had recourse to steeds of other kinds. Our photograph shows them riding prehistoric animals in the grounds of the Crystal Palace

[*Note by* THE BYSTANDER: *They are fossilised*]

beginning, an affair of France, in which we were not directly concerned, I do not see why we should have been *plus français que les français*. We should, certainly, have been stronger in our fight with Germany if we had had all our armies on our own shores, and our ships free from convoying responsibilities all over the seven seas. Also, had we the use for ourselves alone of all our factories, we should have had our new armies equipped in half the time it takes now that we have had to act as the arsenal and the clothier of our brave Allies. What is more, our recruiting figures would probably have been even greater still if the appeal to men was to defend their own country and Empire, rather than Continental States.

***

Could We Have Played a Lone Hand?

Whether Britain would have fought a stronger fight alone than in conjunction with Continental Powers is well worth pondering. Our past history teaches us that we have never fought better than when alone. I wonder would there be a German Fleet in being just now had the entire strength of the British Navy been able to give it its *undivided* attention?

***

Russia's New Plan

The *Daily Telegraph* forecasts an interesting development in the Russian campaign. Our eastern Ally is, in a few weeks, to take the offensive in a new theatre of war: somewhere where cavalry will be in its element: far from Poland, where Russia will have new Allies. It is not likely that the facts about this campaign are unsuspected by the Germans, who have excellent maps of Europe. The only possible "new theatre" is eastern and southern Hungary, and Russia's new Allies will be certainly Rumania, and possibly Italy, with Serbia acting as part of the centre. The objective is probably Budapest, Berlin having gone out of the betting for the nonce.

***

Be Kind to the Hungarians!

An Allied occupation of Budapest would probably be the beginning of the end of the war. It would consummate the union of all Europe, save one or two unimportant countries, against Germanism. It is not likely that Russia would occupy Budapest in any Hunnish spirit, or that she would inflict any undue hardship on the Hungarians, or seek to deprive them of their independence. It would merely be a gentle forcing of the countrymen of Kossuth out of the Teutonic bondage which they hate as much as,

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

and more than, any of the Allies. They might even be induced to join the Allies.

***

The War Over in the Spring?

But how will the new Russian campaign affect us—and our French and Belgian Allies? In this way. A Russian "sweep" of the east of Europe puts an end once and for all to all German and Austrian progress eastward. It consolidates all the non-German races of Europe against the Germans. Germany then begins to look around for deliverance. She realises her horrid blunder when she made her first attack on the western Powers, and wildly casts about for a reconciliation. It is still the belief of those who ought to know that the war will be over in the Spring. The basis of the belief is, undoubtedly, that something so big is going to happen in the east that Germany will find herself compelled to make peace in the west.

Apropos the Yarmouth Raid

Is it not about time that a solemn warning was issued that the occupants of any aircraft brought down who have thrown bombs on undefended places will—if taken alive—be summarily hanged as murderers? Would it not be worth while, furthermore, to add the warning that the same treatment will be dealt out to any military raiders of our shores who are guilty of "frightfulness" of any kind at the expense of non-combatants?

***

Why Germany Must Win

Professor Grävell, in the *Lokal-Anzeiger*, apparently gravelled for arguments as to why Germany must win, tells us that:

> The nation which, in our own time, produced a Richard Wagner has the highest Kultur.

This is priceless, in view of the fact that Richard

Which is the Oldest British Regiment?

Photograph *Montague Dixon*

THE CLAIM OF THE "BUFFS"—EAST KENT REGIMENT

Although there is still some divergence of opinion as to which is the oldest regiment in the British Army, that distinction would seem to belong to the Buffs, the nucleus of which regiment was fighting in Holland as far back as the year 1253. A company, numbering 300, is also known to have paraded before Queen Elizabeth in 1572. The first battalion has been for some time at the front where it has done some gallant work and suffered heavy casualties, and our illustration shows the officers of the second battalion, which has recently gone out, on the steps of Winchester College where they were billeted before leaving

FRONT ROW (left to right): 2nd Lieut. G. Y. Tyrrell, 2nd Lieut. Stephens, Lieut. D. A. Wilkins, Lieut. J. W. B. Archer, 2nd Lieut. Steggall, Lieut. E. H. U. Buttanshaw, Capt. L. Fort. SECOND ROW: 2nd Lieut. R. Sandilands, Major L. I. B. Hulke, Lieut.-Col. A. D. Geddes (Commanding Officer), Capt. J. V. R. Jackson, Capt. R. E. Power, Lieut. H. de R. Morgan, Capt. F. W. Tomlinson. THIRD ROW: Lieut. N. V. Earle, Major C. L. Poter, 2nd Lieut. R. M. Heywood, 2nd Lieut. W. A. Jackson, Lieut. and Qtrmaster. F. W. Foster. BACK ROW: Lieut. G. R. Howe, 2nd Lieut. W. R. Davis, Lieuts. Hamilton (R.A.M.C.), J. S. Sill, and M. M. Brice

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

U.P.S.OM DOWNS

On Saturday morning last, the various forces training in the neighbourhood of Epsom, including the "U.P.S." (University and Public Schools Battalion), were inspected on the famous Downs. After the ceremony, many of them took advantage of the Alpine weather to indulge in winter sports

was exiled from Germany as a revolutionary in 1848, and only re-entered it as the protégé of the *mad* King of Bavaria! Wagner died in 1883, since when many great composers have been given to the world, but not by Germany. Decadent France, barbaric Russia, perfidious England, and neutral Italy have made the music of the modern world; Germany mostly its cacophany.

* * *

The Sporting Chance of Being "Bombed"

Why is John Bull depicted as in a state of fright over Zeppelins? I have not myself come across a single human being in London who is scared. Every time we cross the street, we escape death by about one second. As a calculating race (see German press) our attitude towards Zeppelins is about thus: A Zeppelin over Yarmouth, an undefended coast town, kills or injures three people out of sixty thousand. Over London, a defended inland city, it might, with luck, damage at the same ratio—that is 300 out of six millions. The odds against my being killed that way are, therefore, twenty thousand to one. As a sportsman, I'll take that risk, consoling myself that if I'm "bombed" it will be at least a more interesting way of entering the Eternity I'm booked for at God's own good time than it would be were I knocked down by a motor 'bus or choked by a fish-bone, which I risk every day of my life, whereas I risk Zeppelins only on one still and foggy night.

* * *

A Corner in Scares

The solution is, probably, that the German professor judges national psychology from the newspapers, which is absurd. It is the custom of Anglo-Saxon journals to furnish their readers with one good scare head per diem: the leading group of English newspapers, claiming a proprietorial copyright in things aerial, are more excited by aerial raids, than by any other aspect of the war. Hence the frantic appearance of our leading news-sheets on mornings after raids. If the British newspapers had any sense of proportion, they would chronicle such events as Yarmouth as "incidents of local interest," and leave them at that. By using them as "warnings" to Londoners, they succeed in scaring a few old ladies, but not in assisting the task of the authorities.

* * *

Bravo! Beatty

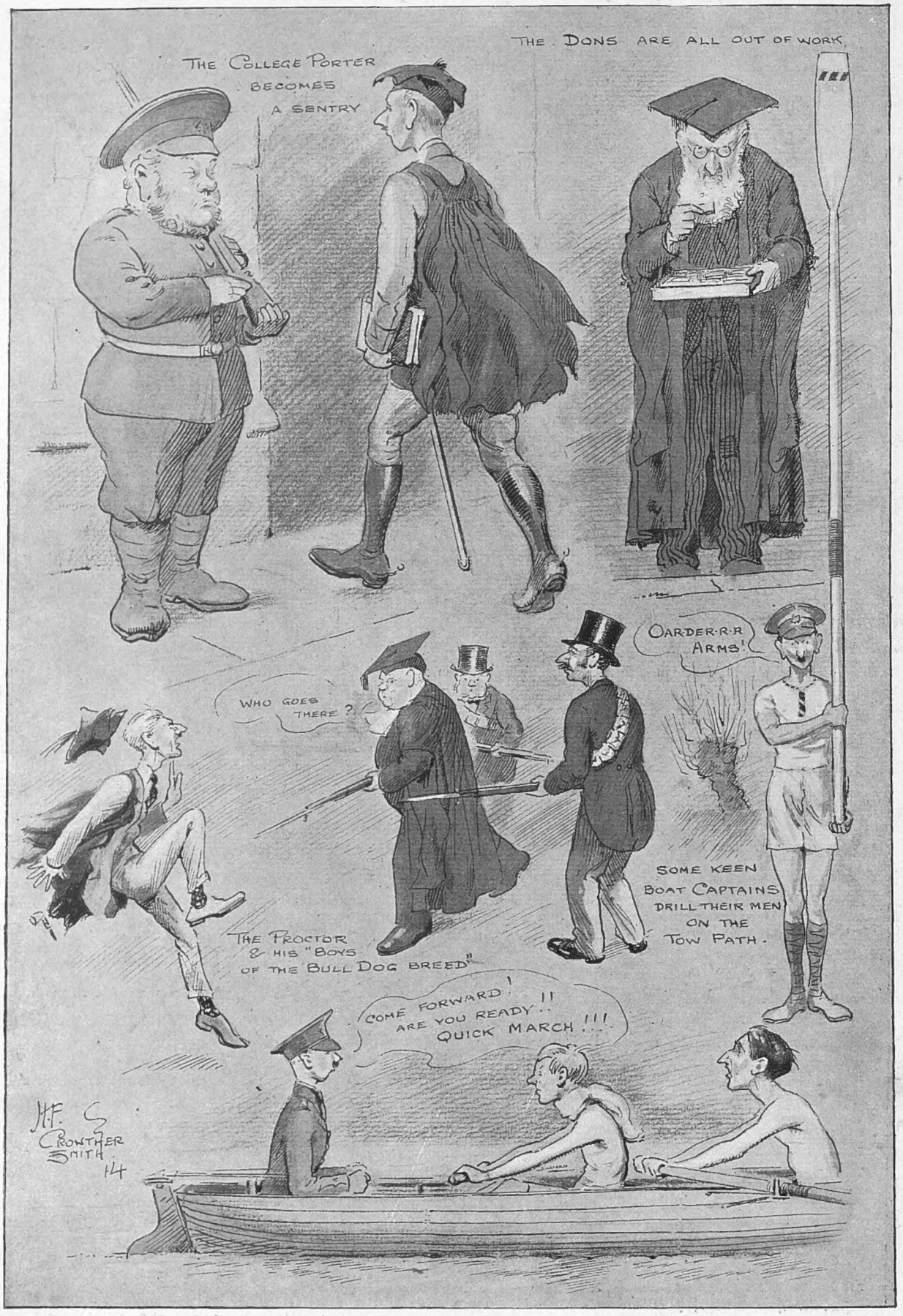
Admiral Beatty's "bag" of the *Blücher*, and the reputed damage to two other of the would-be "baby-killers," is admirable. It is not for us to gauge the exact value of the victory from the strategic viewpoint, as such things are beyond the landsman's ken. Presumably it is great, or our newspapers would not have been inspired to depict the victory in terms and type suggestive of a super-Trafalgar. The facts to the lay mind are that a small German cruiser squadron came out, and was sent back minus one. It would have been better had a larger squadron come out and not gone back at all. That, however, will no doubt happen another day. In view of that event, may I suggest to certain newspapers that they seriously consider the question of printing their sheets sideways in order to allow for the adequate headlining and printing of the glorious news?

Another Critic from the Past

FREDERICK THE GREAT: "Look here, worthy Successor! We Shades are losing all our faith in Heredity!"

THE CROWN PRINCE (sotto voce): "Rotten lot, these Shades, Papa! I'm just about fed-up with 'em!!"

Arms and the 'Varsity Man



SOME IMPRESSIONS OF CAMBRIDGE IN WAR-TIME

At the 'Varsities, as might be expected, the military spirit is the ruling spirit, and for the time being Cicero's mandate "Cedant Arma Togæ" has been exactly reversed

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A LETTER FROM "BLANCHE" TO A COUSIN IN THE COLONIES

"A large policeman bristling with dislike of you"

LONDON, *January* 25, 1915.

DEAR COUSIN—

THE sword's mightier than the pen, nowadays, and it's deeds, not words, that count when the world's at war, isn't it? But if I were a writer of plays I think I'd write one now, called "Getting a Passport." Because—well, for one thing, I've been getting one. So I know. And, for another, the process, I'm told, is typical, typical of the way we do things in those high official places round and about Whitehall.

* * *

There would only be three characters—I, a policeman, and a messenger, and it would hardly cost anything to stage—two very stuffy small rooms off a still stuffier small lobby. No fires, and for furniture just a table and a few chairs in a row. And oh! yes, of course, the crowd (members of British Public wanting passports) which, after hours of cold feet, bad air, and shattered hopes is too depressed to snatch even such distraction as might be got from the view of Mr. Lloyd George's bedroom window curtains opposite, or of Mrs. Asquith, chatty as ever in that last and worst of the fashions, the new Scotch cap, coming home to tea with Anthony, who wears a most Socialistic red tie with his fur-collared overcoat. Can it be he's "doing" Socialism now, having exhausted all the other isms of life?

* * *

But about the passport. Having done your share in the way of filling up forms, giving in photographs, and getting recommended as a safe and respectable person, you retire for some twenty-four or thirty-six or forty-eight hours to give the F.O. plenty of time to consider the matter. When you return, a very large policeman, so bursting with dislike of you and everyone else that it positively seems to ooze from his buttons, tells you to sit down and wait.

* * *

Obediently—it's quite dreadful how obedient people are—you do sit down, and after some hours, not having been called for, screw up your courage, not to tackle the bobby, no, but to buttonhole the only other official the Foreign Office seems to run to—the messenger. He is kind, and not so cross with you as the policeman, but pale as death—seems he eats passports, drinks passports, sleeps passports. He can't hold out any hope about when you'll get your passport, all the same. But he kindly takes your name and two bob, and for a few more hours you take a seat, almost happy—so eternally springs hope in these human breasts of ours.

* * *

In, say, three hours your blood is up. Loudly you demand your passport. Rudely you refuse to sit down and wait. Furiously you make such a beastly nuisance of yourself—it's a *norrid* sight, worms turning—that the messenger makes an effort, and with his life-blood, as it were, in a few more hours squeezes out—your passport.

* * *

It seems it wasn't that they suspected you were an enemy alien, or anything of that sort. Your application form had merely got mislaid—put in a box and forgotten by one of the small, but severe, Boy Scouts who are helping to run even the F.O. in these days of pressure. I've still got to get the thing *visé*, but that, they tell me, goes quicker. Perhaps the extra eight shillings you have to pay for this ceremony accelerates matters a bit.

* * *

London's fuller than I've ever seen it before in January—everyone's here, you see, instead of the exodus there usually is this time of year to Switzerland or Egypt or the Riviera. And there's rather an air of expectancy about. People are wondering what sort of a present the Kaiser's going to get for his fifty-sixth birthday on Wednesday—which doesn't necessarily mean what the Germans want to give him, by any means. They say he looks seventy, by the way, and that his hair's white, and his temper awful. *How* worried the Archbishop of York must be about him!

* * *

Anyway, though, things really are going to begin happening again soon, I think. Crowds of fresh troops went off last week to Flanders, where I hope they won't have to start their job in quite such horrible weather as the others have been sticking so cheerfully. What with fogs and floods and rain and cold the climate there this winter seems to have been even horrider than usual—and it's always horrid. Our strip of Channel seems to make a lot of difference to our weather.

* * *

I'm told, by the way, that there was cheering in the trenches when they heard the news of the Scarborough raid. The fools who belittle the strength of Germany and haven't yet grasped that we're just at the start of the greatest war in history are not popular, it seems, with the men who in blood and sweat have learnt too well to know it. And they think it may do us good—just a taste of what war means. For the

same reason they wouldn't be at all sorry if London—in the clubs of which the "bitter-enders" mostly do congregate—were to suffer a little taste of what Yarmouth has just had to put up with.

* * *

Parliament meets again next week—for two months only—and if Ministers are kind enough to grant us any information about the war and its progress, and how they're tackling the terrific task before us, I suppose we must be meekly and devoutly thankful. But, in spite of the general outcry for just a few facts and figures, I doubt if we shall get a single one. There's nothing like a democratic Government for real high-handed disdain of the democracy.

* * *

But I do hope the Opposition will try and stir them up to say or do something about what's getting really an awfully serious problem—the price of food and coal. Incomes are sinking, sinking, but the price of food is rising, rising, and the maddening part of it is that, as everyone knows, it's not because we're at war—for Britain still rules the waves—but because the vile vultures who always do thrive in times of stress like these are allowed to make "corners" in necessities. I tell you keeping house is no joke for any but the very rich indeed these days, when you get less of, and pay more for, every single thing you want.

* * *

And, talking of food, it really does seem the irony of fate that a good many of our men who've joined the forces have had their places taken by—of *all* people!—Germans. But it's true. Waiters, bakers, barbers—they're all coming back as fast as they can. And the knowledge, naturally, isn't exactly helping the recruiting offices. The man who does my hair told me only yesterday that he'd enlist like a shot only he knows there's a German all ready to walk into his job, and—well, self-sacrifice, and even patriotism, has its limits.

* * *

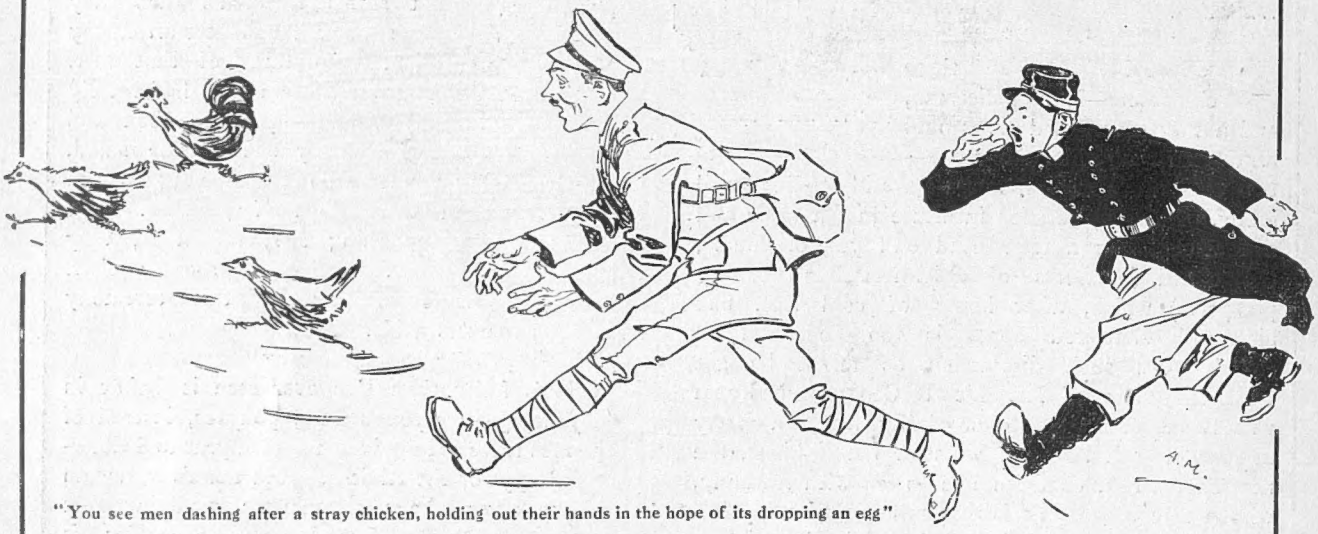
It's the same thing, too, with many English waiters. And, by the way, it has been suggested that our M.P.'s, who have even less to do than usual nowadays for their £400 a year, might be glad to do something towards earning it by dining out at different restaurants and rounding up all the alien enemies who've somehow slipped back into their jobs there.

* * *

Over in France, I'm told, some of the old women make desperate efforts to "make" out of the men who are being billeted on them. But under martial law things don't pan out quite the same as here in our commercial England, and the officers soon put a stopper on those little efforts at *haute finance*. The way the food problem has been dealt with has been one of the triumphs of the campaign all round, you know.

* * *

And not only has the supply system been splendid, but our men seem to have made a masterly use of the special conditions. 'It's a funny thing," writes one of them, "but the shells always make the hens lay. Whether it's the shock or what I can't say, but as soon as the fusillade's over you see men dashing about after a stray chicken, holding out their hands in the hope of its dropping an egg. Think I'll try running a poultry farm when I get home, on the 'explosion' system."



"You see men dashing after a stray chicken, holding out their hands in the hope of its dropping an egg"

* * *

The funniest thing though, they say, is the way our *insouciant* "Tommies," without knowing a word of French, manage to get everything they want out of people who don't know a word of English, and, in fact, to "boss" things pretty extensively all round. The French don't mind—they're only too pleased to look on and admire the process. And far from being jealous, as it's been suggested in some (probably German-inspired) quarters, they're quite prepared to welcome outside help. In fact, their papers (though we're not supposed to know it over here) have been crying out for the Japs to be called in too. An idea that's met so far with a rather chilly reception—for various reasons.

* * *

Smart Americans who live in London are insinuating, I gather, that they are not over pleased at their country's attitude towards England just now. You see, they do get such extraordinarily good value for their money over here—titles, Court patronage, historic names, old houses—all the delectable things that even the dollar won't buy in America. On the

Portraits of Current Interest

Photographs

MISS DINAH TENNANT

Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Francis Tennant, of Innes House, Morayshire, who is engaged to Sir Iain Colquhoun, Bart., of Luss. He is in the Scots Guards, and was recently invalided home

LADY CHEETHAM

A charming Russian, whose husband, Sir Milne Cheetham, C.M.G., is attached to H.M.'s Agency and Consulate General at Cairo. Lady Cheetham is the daughter of M. Muravieff, of the Russian diplomatic service

Lallie Charles

A NEW AMERICAN PEERESS

Lady Huntingfield, whose husband's portrait, as successor to his uncle, the fourth Baron, appeared in our last issue. She is the daughter of Judge Crosby, of New York

other hand, English mothers of marriageable maidens are secretly hoping the "unfriendliness" may continue—perhaps then we shan't get quite so many of

"Our insouciant 'Tommies' get everything they want"

their dollared daughters after our young men, and our English girls will get a chance again.

* * *

I suppose it's chiefly jealousy—it must be *very* galling, of course, not to have *any* ancestors. But some friends of mine who were quite friendly with a party of Americans in the same Berlin hotel when war broke out were simply amazed at the things they said about it and us. The Americans openly expressed their pleasure at the war, said England was a lot too proud and cocksure, and that the States would "side with the best man." Which was—tactful, to say the least, wasn't it? By the way, I see a New York heiress has just got married to a German princelet. Is this another pin-prick for us, I wonder?

* * *

Of course, the Americans really mean to be kind, no doubt. Look at that Santa Claus ship they sent, with presents for us, as well as all the other nations whom from Olympian distances they pityingly watch at war. Even if there *was* any truth in the comments (instantly suppressed) on the quality, or quantity, of the gifts, that surely wouldn't affect the matter. It's the intention that's everything, isn't it?

* * *

The Court has been having a holiday—but only at Sandringham, from which it can easily be fetched if wanted. When in Town, both the King and the Queen have been doing a lot of visiting among the wounded, and so has Queen Alexandra, whose seventy years seem to sit on her more lightly than ever. She and Princess Victoria, generally armed with innocuous literature and sometimes with chocolates, also spend several afternoons in the week at the different hospitals that are springing up everywhere. And next week they're expecting all the Royalties at the all-star *School for Scandal* for theatrical charities.

* * *

Wonderful how Queens keep young, isn't it? I suppose it's because they don't have any *little* worries like tea being 3*d.* a pound dearer, and bread almost a luxury, and the cook giving notice. And how they keep up their interest in things, too. At a charity matinée at the Alhambra the other day one of the keenest of the spectators was Queen Alexandra, who, in common with lesser mortals, finds Harry Tate in "Motoring" quite irresistible, and who shows her thorough absorption in the amusement of the moment by closely scanning the audience through her glasses between the "turns."

* * *

Talking of Royalties, I saw Prince Louis of Battenberg at the Ritz the other day with his wife—he's evidently not retired from the world as well as from the Admiralty and gone to live in seclusion in the Isle of Wight, as some people thought. His son, Prince Louis Francis, by the way, is "following in father's footsteps" and has just joined the Naval College at Dartmouth with another cadet who came from Osborne at the same time—young Lord Cawdor, whose grandfather was First Lord ten years ago.

* * *

I expect there'll be a sort of a State Opening of Parliament, yes, but "sights" are few and far between in London just now. One of them, though, is certainly wounded and convalescent "Tommy" taking motor rides round the town. The King has lent some of those wagonette motors of his, and lots of other people have lent cars—not enough, though, and I haven't noticed any 50 h.p. Rolls-Royces among them, either!

* * *

But a nice drive into the country is *not* what "Tommy" prefers. What he really likes is to swank it in the most crowded parts of the West End and other places where the eye of his less favoured fellows is likely to light upon him. I heard one telling his still bed-ridden pal all about it. "Sorr old Bill in Piccadilly, I did; 'e didn't 'arf look *ser*-prised, I give you *my* word. Smokin' a seegar, I was. Looked 'is nibs, I tell yer. Enjoyed meself fine, I did, barring it was a bit wet."

With love,

Yours ever,

BLANCHE

"Perhaps, then, we shan't get so many of their dollared daughters after our young men"

Cut Out for the Job

CIVILIAN: "Most of my pals are either in the Guards or the Bantams. I'm too short for the Guards and too tall for the Bantams. Got the hump about it, rather"

OFFICER: "Then, why not try the Camel Corps?"

The Cause of the Delay

The advance on Egypt is considerably retarded by the difficulty in getting the camels to acquire the regulation Prussian goose-step

The War Against My Aunt

THE MORAL OF THE RAID ON YARMOUTH

BY "DOWNWRITER"

I AM thinking about my sainted aunt. All England is thinking about its sainted aunt. She has risen, out of timid obscurity (she lives in a coast town), into a person of importance, who, if she does not attain national fame in the present war as the victim of a bombardment, will figure prominently in the terms of Peace, if any, when drawn up.

Hitherto aunts, ever since they began, have been regarded as outside the scope of deliberate military operations of Great Powers. An aunt residing in, say, Thermopylæ or Troy or Jericho might have been killed or injured had she got in the way of the chariot of a Greek or Hebrew warrior, or made herself too prominent in the eyes of the baser among the victors within the walls. But if she kept in her dwelling she was about as immune from death by warfare as from any other kind of death. Aunts were out of the scope of the warlike operations, even, I believe, of Attila himself. They were not military objectives. Neither were mothers, grandmothers, grandfathers, and grandchildren of tender years. True, they might suffer if they got in the way of individual soldiers, but they were of no special concern to Commanders-in-Chief as points of attack.

Nous avons changé tout cela. Now, with the advent of *kultur*, any aunt, grandmother, grandfather, or grandchild may become at any moment a casualty. It is sufficient that she or he is alive in any part of an Allied country to run the risk of bloody massacre, even if it be the aunt of the War Lord himself. The shells of the fleet at Scarborough and of the Zepps at Yarmouth might quite as easily have hit a Royal lady on a visit as a lady of lower degree. True, Yarmouth is no more a fortified place than is Barmouth, King's Lynn than Kingskerswell (South Devon). But a Zepp might possibly get round to the Atlantic coast, and any town or village that it happened to drop a bomb upon would become, *ipso facto*, a fortified base, and the aunts therein objects of attack.

THE QUESTION FOR ITALY

"How long will they hang together?"

England provides the towns and villages, Germany, with amazing generosity to a sleeping "foe," provides them with fortifications. If a scrap of shrapnel hit Llanfairfechan, lo and behold, it arises from unpronounceable obscurity and becomes, even as Chatham or Portsmouth, a fortified base. Your aunt therein becomes as notable a sufferer for her country as any of her nephews in the trenches. Germany has, at one stroke, elevated the non-combatant into a combatant without putting her to the trouble of having to fight. It is only necessary to be in bed, or in your bath, or eating your breakfast, and the arrival of a Zepp or a warship or an invading army may blow you bang into the black type of to-morrow's paper, a full-fledged hero of war.

At the moment, I and my fellow nephews and grandsons are intensely indignant, and our papers are bitterly denouncing the violator of Hague Conventions who makes war on non-combatants, who, if they make war on him, are shot, burned, or tortured. We demand to know what military

object he serves. He replies, of course, that to strike terror into a civil population is part of the business of war. It concentrates the mind of the citizen wonderfully, and makes him more than ever desirous of peace. This is, of course, a piece of super-idiocy. Does not Germany know that the citizens of Britain, desire peace as they may, have no more influence on the duration of war than the cats, dogs, and canaries in their cages? The war, like the weather, goes its way heedless of grumblers. As well suppose that the indignation of the Italians at their earthquake would affect the duration of seismic disturbances in southern Europe.

The war just goes on. What Scarborough and Yarmouth do is merely to make our aunts realise that not only is it the business of their nephews to do and die, but also, perchance, their own. It converts the whole population of Britain, male, female, adult and infantile, hale and invalid, sane and insane, into possible sufferers for their country. It braces the whole nation up with the idea that the war is their personal affair, and awakens everybody to the fact that one's name may be handed down to posterity as a victim of the Great War, even if one has done no more for Britain than to obey the dictum of the First Sea Lord to "sleep quiet in one's bed." DOWNWRITER

Clubs We Shan't Join

THE WAR EXPERTS'

Dr. Wilson's Daughter

WHO HAS CONFERRED ON THE PRESIDENT THE DIGNITY OF BEING A GRANDFATHER

Camera Portrait *Hoppé*

MRS. F. P. SAYRE (née Wilson)

The daughter of the President of the United States, to whom a son, her first, has recently been born. Her marriage took place in November, 1913

Nature Makes War on Neutrality: Ital

Never acted Nemesis with grimmer irony than in the case of the great Italian earthquake. While war was ravaging the countries which had appealed to it to settle their quarrels, the leading among European "neutrals" was suddenly disturbed from her slumbers by an action on the part of the elements which reduced cities, towns

Brought into the Sphere of Destruction

nd villages to a ruin as extensive as might have been inflicted by the Huns themselves, vith the same disregard of human life. Nature declared war against neutrality, thus ppearing to proclaim that suffering should be the lot of those who stood aside as well s of those who fought. Our photograph shows a scene of destruction in Avezzano

TAKING ORDERS: A FORECAST OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE

BY M. S. SHOTTLAND

Mud, Blood, and Khaki

SOME TRUTHS FROM THE FRONT: BY AN OFFICER ON LEAVE—No. II.

This brief series of articles has been written specially for THE BYSTANDER *by an officer just returned from the front on sick leave, who has personally inspired the illustrations. He shows the war under a somewhat different aspect from that to which the newspaper "correspondent at the front" has accustomed the public.*

A Batch of Questions

THE officer back from the front is, of necessity, a target for a multitude of questions. It is rare indeed for him not to be asked by all and sundry of his friends what his sensations were when he first came under fire, how long, in his opinion, the war is likely to last, whether life in Northern France is not "frightfully exciting," how many Germans he has accounted for, and whether he is anxious to return. The latter question I answered in my first article; to the others I will endeavour to make some reply in this my second.

"The officer back from the front is, of necessity, a target for a multitude of questions"

First Experiences of Shell Fire

My sensations when first I came within range of the German guns were very similar to those which I experienced when I made my début at a public school. I was, in short, extremely nervous. I passed some of my past life in rapid review, and found it rather ugly; I hastily formed a number of resolutions, and I lit a fresh cigarette every few minutes. A cigarette at such moments as these is a positive godsend. Not only does it soothe the nerves, but it lends to one an appearance of nonchalance that is intensely deceptive. Accompanied by some such remark as "Thank goodness we're at it at last," the illusion is absolutely complete.

The Prevailing Impulse

As a matter of pure fact, nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand when they first come under fire have but one desire—to disappear in precisely the opposite direction to that whence the shells are proceeding. Though popularly known as "seeing the fun," war at close quarters is an intensely unpleasant experience, and the scream of a shell is the saddest music I know, if not the eeriest. It is a sort of combination of the wailing of a woman with the hissing of an angry snake. Moreover, the shell brings with it a feeling of utter helplessness. All one can do as one hears the scream is to hope and to pray that the burst may occur in some other vicinity than one's own.

Funk soon Yields to Philosophy

The funk feeling, however, is not of long duration.

"The sight of a group of 'Tommies' playing football just behind the trenches——"

MUD, BLOOD, AND KHAKI (continued)

The Teaching of the Trenches

Most men have sufficient of the philosopher about them to realise when under fire that the only possible thing to do is to hope for the best, and "duck" when occasion demands. It is obviously impossible to run away, and it is equally impossible to influence the enemy's aim. Therefore, in an incredibly short space of time one grows accustomed to the shell and its manifold dangers, and regards it with a sort of indifferent respect.

The Noise is the Worst Part

The one thing in shell-fire to which very few of us can ever get used is the infernal noise, often more dangerous in its effect than the actual shell itself, as witness the large number of cases of nervous breakdown occasioned by this war. Personally, that which I enjoyed the most when sent home from the front was the moment when I got out of hearing of the enemy's guns, to say nothing of our own! Otherwise, the noise apart, shells soon ceased to worry me, and the sight of a group of "Tommies" playing football just behind the trenches ceased to surprise me after a day or two of life at the front. All of which is not a question of pluck, but of acceptance of the inevitable. I have sat in a mess-room with a group of officers in a house which was being shelled, and joined with others in picking up shell fragments in the garden outside with which to decorate the table. And I was the greatest coward of them all.

"When the stay-at-homes glibly talk about sweeping the Germans out of Belgium"

In the Trenches

What is true of shell-fire is equally true of that of the rifle, the machine-gun, and the bomb. There may be few men who go into a fire-trench for the first time with a stout heart, but there are equally few who funk after a few days "underground." Incidentally, it may be added that there are precious few who expect to come out of the said trench safe and sound. The attitude of the officer is—or was when I left the front, for since then the conditions have changed considerably for the better—that he is bound to be wounded or "scuppered" eventually. The very best he can, or could, hope for is a wound of the slight variety. So much was this the feeling out there that I remember a facetious subaltern suggesting the creation of a bureau with the sign outside: "Holidays in England guaranteed. Wounds painlessly inflicted at the shortest notice!"

How Long Will It Last?

To the question as to the duration of the war the answer of the officer from the front is invariably to the effect that no one knows less about the war than himself. So far as he has been able to judge of it, he will generally tell you, it might very well last for a decade, for if after more than three months have passed he is still sitting in the same trench, why, he will argue, should he not be seated there at the end of three years? And here I should like to add that not the least unpleasant thing about this hideous war is its intense monotony. So far from being "frightfully exciting" it is more often than not the dullest thing imaginable. One is positively *bored* by war more often than not.

The Man at the Front Knows Hardly Anything

As far as one's knowledge of what is really going on is concerned, that is confined to the particular spot in which one finds oneself, and even there the wildest rumours are set afloat just as they are in Fleet Street. More than once have I been met by an excitable officer at the front with the news that the Germans had broken through when the enemy had not even made an attack, while stories circulated as to So-and-So's death "on the field of honour" have more than once had to be confirmed by the casualty lists in the London dailies. Indeed, I would go so far as to say that the opinion of the officer back from the trenches as to the possible or probable duration of the war is the one to be least respected. At home you know very little; out there we know practically nothing at all.

What He Does Know—

What we do know is that we have a wonderfully equipped, remarkably organised, exceedingly plucky enemy to deal with—an enemy—yes, I dare say it—that commands respect. Curiously enough, out there in Northern France where we are face to face—or shall I say, rather, trench to trench?—with the Germans we seem to have less hatred of them than you do at home. We have, at any rate, learned neither to despise nor belittle them. We realise only too well that we are up against the "toughest proposition" ever given to a soldier to solve.

MUD, BLOOD, AND KHAKI (concluded)

A Word to the Stay-at-Homes

—And What His Feeling Is

But of actual *hatred* we seem to have little. We want to beat them; we mean to beat them; we *shall* beat them. But upon my soul I really believe that "Tommy" and officer alike are animated more by the spirit that helps Eton to beat Harrow or *vice versa* than by actual hatred. No one pities those whom the Germans have maltreated more than "Tommy"; no one condemns barbarism more than "Tommy." But *all* Germans are not barbarians—I could give ample proof of this—and many Germans are not only good fighters, but good "sportsmen," if one can so put it, into the bargain. And "Tommy" and his officer are the first to recognise this fact. I guarantee that you will find more *hate* expressed in Piccadilly than you will along the whole British front.

"When the posters say that your King and Country need you they know what they are talking about"

Casualties Compared

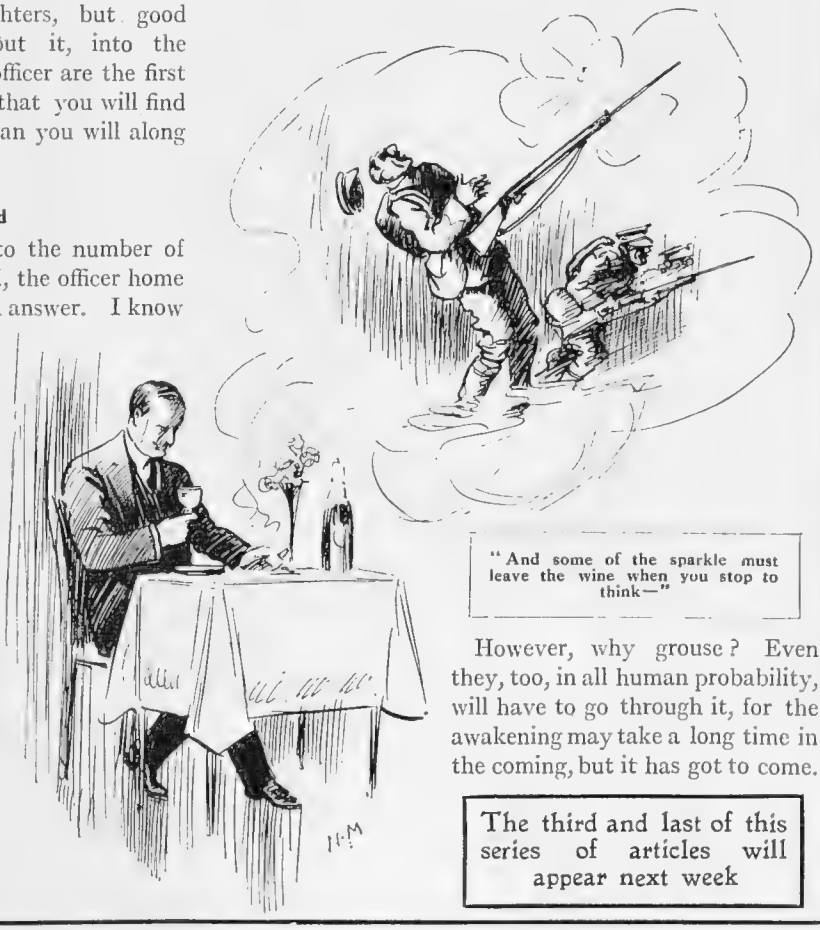
As to the question with regard to the number of Germans for whom he has accounted, the officer home from the front is often puzzled for an answer. I know one officer, for instance, who was in the fire-trenches off and on for a month and came out of them without ever setting eyes on a German at all. That the Germans in the past have lost far more men than we have in that part of France where we are face to face is obvious. Whether their losses are greater than ours to-day is another question. And here let me add that when the stay-at-homes glibly talk about "sweeping the Germans out of Belgium" and "riding into Berlin," and so on and so forth, they can scarcely realise what they are saying. In the kind of warfare now being waged "sweeping" could only be done by such hosts as even the genius of Lord Kitchener has been unable to conjure up. As it is, with that gradual advance which we all suppose to be on the tapis, the losses we shall have to suffer must perforce be enormous. Were we to try and "sweep" they would be colossal.

The Poster that Lies Not

In a word, to realise the possibilities or the probabilities of this war you must be in it. You will know very little and learn less at the front, but you will very soon realise that when the posters say that your King and Country need you they know what they are talking about!

The Stay-at-Homes' Turn May Come

It is very nice to lunch at this club, dine at that restaurant, and sup at Murray's. But surely a little flavour must go out of the *caviar* and some of the sparkle must leave the wine when you stop to think that it is thanks entirely to a handful of muddy, bloody, khaki-clothed heroes that you are able to taste both. To my mind the stay-at-homes present rather a sorry spectacle; their banquets resemble—to me—nothing more than Irish wakes.



"And some of the sparkle must leave the wine when you stop to think—"

However, why grouse? Even they, too, in all human probability, will have to go through it, for the awakening may take a long time in the coming, but it has got to come.

The third and last of this series of articles will appear next week

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

THE FUNK

BY RALPH W. MAUDE

"THANKS awfully, nurse, it's devilish good of you. Yes, just a little milk, my throat's so infernally dry. Oh, heavens, there's that woman with the grapes coming—Lady What's-her-Name—keep her away, will you, and don't let any reporter fellows get near me, there's an angel. I'm a gon'er, aren't I? Oh, don't shake your head. I know just as well as you do that you can't get a bullet where I did and get back again. Thanks awfully, that milk's ripping, but I feel rotten. What a rotter *should* feel, for if there's a rotter on God's earth I'm *it*.

"Oh, I say, don't go away for a minute. You're the only pal I've got left, and for all the shaking of your kind-hearted head you aren't going to persuade me that I'm going to keep the devil waiting long. I want to tell you something, and I want you to do something for me. You must look after that Johnny over there? Well, don't be long, will you?

"Oh, there you are. It's deuced good of you to come back again. Sit down, *please*. You must be tired, and I want you to be priest and nurse rolled into one for a minute or two. I suppose they've told you how I got my passport for Hades, didn't they? No? Well, I *funked*.

"I've been a funk all my life. I was a funk as a tiny kid. I couldn't bear to be left in the dark, and if my nurse talked about a bogey-man I had the horrors. I funked going to Charterhouse. I lost a scholarship through funk. I funked football and I sweated with fear at cricket. I was known as Funk Mason, I believe. And all the time I didn't want to funk a bit. I just couldn't help it. And I've never been able to help it from that day to this. I should never have got a job in the City if my governor hadn't shoved me into his office.

"In the City I didn't do so very badly. There was nothing to be afraid of there. They even made me a partner. They actually said I was a good business man. I suppose I must have been, for the governor's other partner, an old josser about the same age as the old man, took, or seemed to take, a particular fancy to me. He was always asking me down to his place for week-ends. He had a daughter—a devilish pretty girl—and he kept giving me a hint that he wouldn't mind if I proposed to her. I funked again, of course, but finally—she *was* pretty—I managed to pop the question, and got "Yes" for an answer.

"I nearly fainted at the wedding—one of those big showy affairs—but I managed to get through somehow. And, upon my soul, all went well for quite a time. A year after the wedding the boy was born. I jolly nearly died of funk that day. But he turned out to be a ripper, and Ethel was soon herself again. We managed to pull along quite decently for three years after that. Then she got chummy with a fellow called Carlton. He was one of those big sunburnt chaps with less brains than you'll find in a sparrow's head, but a good-looking face, a jolly fine figure, and a real all-round sportsman. Yes, just a drop more of that milk.

"Well, Carlton fell in love. I saw that. But I was too much of a funk to send him to blazes, and too much of a funk to warn my wife. So one day I found the usual stereotyped letter. She'd found the real man at last. She'd never loved me. She begged me to forgive her. Of course there'd be a divorce, but I'd got the kid—and so on, and so forth.

"I funked going and smashing Carlton's handsome head. There was a divorce—undefended—and I had the kid. He's with the mater now—one of those fair-haired, chubby-faced little rippers that we manage to turn out in England and nowhere else, and he adores me. And—well, I don't mind telling you, I just worship the ground his podgy little feet tread on.

"Well, once the divorce over, I just devoted myself to the boy. He scarcely ever left me, and there never were quite two such pals as he and I. And then this cursed war broke out.

"My mater's one of those high-minded ultra-loyal patriots, who put King, Country, and Church first, and nothing anywhere else. She's quite right, I suppose. When Kitchener's appeal came out I couldn't call my soul my own. She began by dropping hints; she went on by dropping sarcastic remarks in front of the boy; and then, finally, one day, right in front of the kid, she pinned a white feather in my buttonhole. That put the lid on it, and with my heart and my stomach somewhere near the soles of my boots I went and enlisted. The mater called me her brave boy! The boy climbed on my knee, and, with his little face—God bless him—wet with tears, said he was proud of his daddy.

"Well, the period of training went by—much too rapidly to suit me—and we went to join the Expeditionary Force on the Continent. The thing I was dreading soon happened, and I got into what they call the thick of it. The man next to me got half his head blown off. My hand shook so that I couldn't pull the bolt of my rifle back, and my kit was wet through with sweat that felt like ice. Then the fellow on the other side of me got it plug right in the mouth, and went to join his comrade with a gurgle that I can hear now. That gurgle did me. I got up and ran. They plugged me all right, thank God.

"Now, I haven't told you all this for nothing, Nurse. It's a rotten story, God knows. But I want you to do something for me. You're a real pal. I can see it in your eyes. When this gruesome business is over I want you to go and look up the mater and give her my last love. And I want you to take the kiddie on your knee and tell him this—tell him Daddy died like a soldier. It's a d——d lie, but when you see the boy you'll say it's the whitest you ever had to tell.

"Lord, how those German bullets can hurt when they catch a man on the bolt. No thanks, no more milk. I'm going to have a doze." RALPH W. MAUDE

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People We Don't Envy

No. II.—The Army Service Corps subaltern compelled to deliver a lecture on Supplies to a contingent of men recruited from grocers, butchers, provision dealers, etc.

A Regular Rightdown Royal Play

"KINGS AND QUEENS" AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

MR. RUDOLF BESIER has conceived the quaint idea of grafting the theme of the eternal triangle upon a Royal family. The chief business of his play is conducted exclusively by an Emperor, a King, a Queen, a Queen-Dowager, and a Prince of the blood. Now that I come to think of it, the Prince is distinctly one of the bloods. These Royal people are, of course, merely fictitious creations, as their names and styles imply. The existence of the Emperor Frederick IV. and of King Richard VIII., for instance, must be as nebulous as that of the celebrated Mrs. Harris, concerning whom it was subsequently declared that there was "no sich pusson." Mr. Besier's idea is that Kings and Queens are as human as the rest of us, and he establishes his case most convincingly. Queen Charlotte is the young and lovely consort of King Richard VIII., who takes his Royal office very seriously indeed, while his Queen, being still in the frivolous time of life, has a weakness for pretty frocks, and special dances that the etiquette of Court functions will not permit.

The King, afraid lest he should be tempted to give way to the fascinating irresponsibility of his Queen, has asked his mother, the Queen-Dowager, to take up her residence at the Palace. That, of course, is the beginning of the trouble, for there is no sterner critic of a woman than another woman. As a result of encouraging home industries, Queen Charlotte's *toilettes* are declared by her own private friends to be positively dowdy, and, when her cousin, Prince Louis, introduces her to the art of a Parisian dressmaker Her Majesty is in the seventh heaven of delight. For the sake of these lovely creations she feels brave enough to defy her mother-in-law's sternly mid-Victorian propriety. She prances on the stage in a really expensive evening gown, the chief merit of which in her eyes is, apparently, that if you were to cut away the shoulder-straps the whole thing would fall to the ground. I record the statement without comment, merely expressing the pious hope that the cutting away of shoulder-straps is not a recognised form of amusement among the best people.

Prince Louis having, by the introduction of Parisian gowns, and the subtle lure of sweet music, won his way to the Queen's frivolous heart, has finally the temerity to propose himself as her deliverer from the tyranny of severely correct Court routine. In short, he proposes that Queen Charlotte shall elope with him. And it is not even to be an elopement in the style that a Queen might be expected to prefer. She is to steal out of the palace and take a taxi-cab to the station, where Louis will meet her at the appointed time. He does not actually say so, but I have no doubt that his programme includes tipping the guard to lock the door of their very particular first-class compartment. After all, when you are eloping, it must be very embarrassing to have a crowd of mere season-ticket holders swarming into the carriage. The elopement actually takes place, but after Queen Charlotte, mercifully unrecognised, has travelled for a few miles in the train with Louis, she discovers that she does not love him quite as much as she thought she did. She, therefore, alights at an intermediate station and returns to the palace to explain to her Royal husband that everything is all right up to now, or words to that effect, and that she is going back home to mother because she cannot stand the prunes-and-prisms propriety of her sainted mamma-in-law.

IS IT TO BE OR NOT TO BE AN ELOPEMENT? THAT IS THE QUESTION

Miss Marie Löhr as Queen Charlotte, and Mr. Ben Webster as H.R.H. Prince Louis in Mr. Rudolf Besier's new play, "Kings & Queens" at the St. James's Theatre

Sir George Alexander's part is that of the charming and genial Emperor Frederick, who is pleased to say that at the age of sixty-two his appetite is good, and he still has a wary and optimistic eye for a pretty figure. His Imperial Majesty's reputation as a man of the world appears to be fairly well established, and when, as a matter of duty, he lectures Prince Louis, the younger man charges him with having quite recently made an attractive lady a present of a pair of diamond garters. Let me see, where were we? Oh, yes; I was only going to say that I am under the impression that the decorative article of toilet in question is now obsolete. I do not pretend, of course, to know anything about such things, but you can't help sometimes noticing the very detailed pictorial advertisements in the ladies' papers. Sir George Alexander makes the Emperor a most delightful and lovable person, and he has the good luck (or good management) to be supported by a brilliant company of very rare excellence indeed. *Kings and Queens* is a play to be seen, even in the present troublous days in which we find ourselves.

JINGLE

A Very Charming Emperor

(MADE IN LONDON—NOT IN GERMANY)

The easy-going Emperor (Sir George Alexander) in the new play, "Kings and Queens" at the St. James's Theatre appealing to Queen Charlotte (Miss Marie Löhr) to try and respect the family prejudices. It was La Rochefoucauld who remarked that old men give good advice when they are no longer able to set a bad example

Warsaw's Palladium

BY THE BYSTANDER IN POLAND

THIS week we have had panics. Not serious ones; but serious enough to send people to the Citadel. The Citadel is Warsaw's choicest thing. It raises an imposing, relatively hoary head over the dun Vistula. Opposite, a *tête de pont* fort protects the railway bridge; and below are green trees. Everyone ignores the *tête de pont* fort, though it has military worth. But the harmless Citadel, built by the First Nicholas after the 1830 rebellion, is a cynosure. Any morn you pass through the grubby Old Suburb (the Stari Miesto), past the palace of the Polish Kings, and down the Zakrocymska Street, you will find men and women admiring the Citadel. It is Warsaw's Palladium.

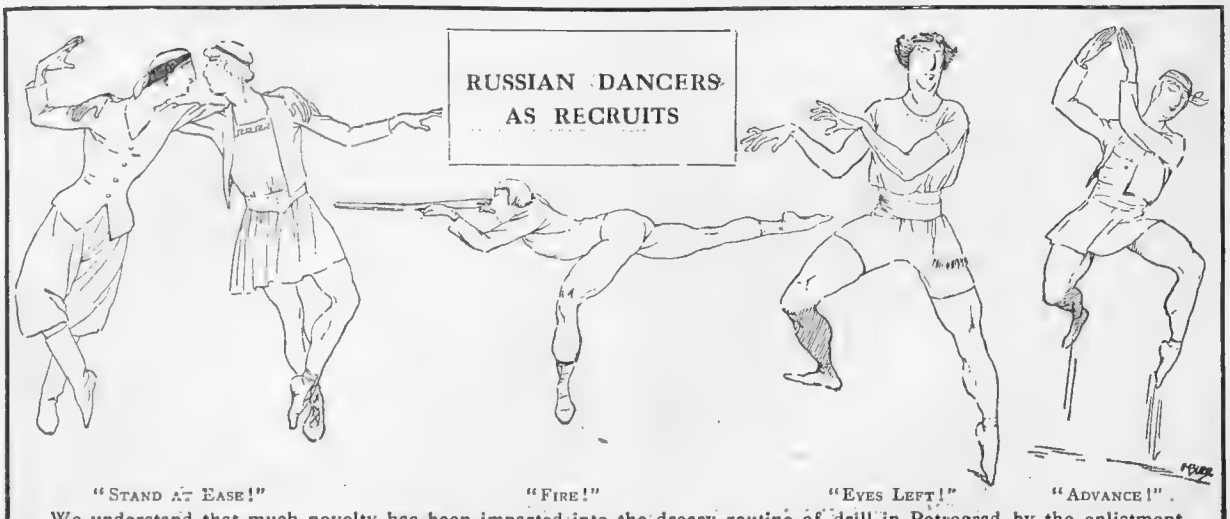
How it became so is a Polish (read super-Scotch) joke. All the week we have had terrific artillery roars. Field-Marshal Hindenburg crossed the Bsura somewhere, two days' march from here. We hear he got thrown back; but his guns—and ours—made the leoninest roar conceivable. Daily airmen came and dropped things. People gathered near the Evangelical Hospital, and bawled "*Niemtsi!* The Germans!" Not desiring to grace the British Civilian Camp at Berlin-Doeberitz, I telephoned to the Commendantcy, and asked if the enemy were really nearing. I got a snappy answer: "*Je dois vous avertir, monsieur* . . . that spreaders of alarmist stories are sent to the Citadel."

Warsaw's once-famous two-horse droschkies have dwindled in splendour since I was here in 1910. I took a bettered one to the Citadel. Outside it were humans (some twenty) who shouted to a man in a boat. I have no Polish; but as they made ear-trumpets with their fists and pointed westward, I judged they were telling him they could hear the gun-thunder, and pitying him because he couldn't. Plainly, something grim was happening. I questioned in German a gentleman who looked Jewish (all Warsaw Jews speak German). He roared with laughter. The meeting at the Citadel was a *Narrheit*, he said. A comic paper out yesterday declared that "Warsaw is quite safe as in the Citadel are 200,000. . . ." The comic paper asked its readers to guess the missing word.

Obviously, it was "200,000 soldiers," unless, as a dodge, it was "bricks" or "cockroaches." But on this thin basis spread the legend "The Citadel is being tremendously strengthened; it is impossible for the enemy to take the town." And now crowds of admirers come to see their Citadel. Their Palladium. This legion flourished amid universal Varsovian ignorance about the facts. Not one citizen knows whether Warsaw is fortified or not. M. Paskievitch, a grand-nephew of the Field-Marshal who stormed Warsaw eighty-five years ago, said to me: "Our only fortress is the Citadel." He had been at Rakow, Skorosche, Rabitze, and ten other suburbs; but he never saw a fort. This though there are fifteen big forts, and every text-book shows them. Such is (a fort's) fame.

Warsaw—hugging its Citadel dream—would actually be gay were it not for the wounded. One gets tired of the monotonous, un-Christian sight, the string of slightly wounded. Badly wounded you must seek; but lightly wounded find you. I have just watched four hundred—all arrived in one train—tramp wearily from the Vvedensky Station over the Alexander Bridge. Psychically this thing oppresses, more than do the helpless and badly hurt, who are happily unconscious, and cared for well. Of this helpless 400, nearly half have wounded—often shattered—hands. Handicaps for life. From these, war's worst victims, one hears no complaint or lamentation—only the dull, groping question as to the future: "What sort of a workman shall I make?"

"*Kakoï ya rabotnik?*" "What sort of a workman?" That is the peasant soldier's only moan and groan. Happy in comparison the man with a bullet in his lung; unconsciousness; six weeks of smiling nurses; and complete recovery—or death.



We understand that much novelty has been imparted into the dreary routine of drill in Petrograd by the enlistment of several members of the Russian ballet

By M. Blood

The War-time Operations of the Church Army

Photograph *Campbell Gray*

THE WOOLWICH RECREATION HUT

IN the present strenuous days of war the interest of the public in the welfare of our gallant fighting men is naturally very strong. One and all we are anxious that the lot of our khaki-clad friends—the majority of whom have sacrificed much in the rally to the flag—should be rendered as pleasant as circumstances will permit, all, or as many as possible, of the rough places made smooth.

A few days ago, at the courteous invitation of Prebendary Carlile, I paid a visit to two of the Church Army Recreation Huts—at Hyde Park and Woolwich. These are representative of many such huts which have been provided for the recreation of our soldiers all over the country—at Winchester, Colchester, Luton, Fleet, Curragh, and also in Yorkshire, Devonshire, etc.—about sixty in all.

Photograph *Campbell Gray*

INTERIOR OF ONE OF THE HUTS

A more practical way of helping the country at the present time of crisis can hardly be conceived. These Recreation Huts, hospitably wind and weather-proof, are comfortably and cheerfully fitted up, providing reading, recreation, and refreshment accommodation; each boasts its raised concert platform, piano, and so forth, and in one of the huts which I visited I found a very patriotic gramophone painted red, white, and blue, of splendid volume and tone. Books, magazines, and writing materials, are provided for the use of guests. Refreshments of splendid quality, tea, coffee, cocoa, mineral waters, etc., are dispensed at rock-bottom prices, without any consideration of profit. These hospitable shelters are specially appreciated in the wet weather; they afford the men much-needed facilities for drying their clothes and boots and partaking of a grateful and comforting hot beverage.

Concerts are held in most huts every evening, and in this connection a warm tribute is due to the numerous professional ladies and gentlemen who have come forward and given their services so generously in providing entertainments of a very high order; the enthusiastic response on the part of the audience proves how much these efforts are appreciated. On certain evenings the programme is of a more amateur description; the men themselves take the platform, and the amount of latent talent which comes to light on these occasions is pleasantly surprising—and, it may be added, the critical abilities of the audience are no less evident!

Another feature which the Church Army hopes to add to its work is a fleet of motor Bar cars. The Bar Car will be nothing less than a glorified form of the old coffee-stall so familiar at our street corners in the small hours. These cars will accompany the batches of men to the training-grounds, or shooting-butts, visit distant outposts, and those more isolated localities where the men are billeted. Motor-cars are required for this work, and owners who may be disposed to loan cars for the purpose are invited to communicate with Headquarters.

To enable the Church Army to carry on this good and practical work additional funds are necessary, and the charitably disposed among our readers—and there are many—may send their subscriptions in the pleasant confidence that they are assisting a most worthy cause. By helping to extend the sphere of the Church Army's operations in providing physical and mental comfort for the many thousands of our soldiers scattered over the land they are helping the country in an eminently practical manner during a strenuous and hazardous period. Cheques should be crossed "Barclay's," and directed to Prebendary Carlile, Headquarters, 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.

Woollen mittens, mufflers, socks, and such-like comforts are also much in request, and these contributions in kind should be sent to Mr. Lloyd, Naval and Military Department, 55, Bryanston Street, as above.

D. M. M.

BELLICOSITIES

THOUGH you may not have any information at your disposal likely to help the enemy, it is always a good idea to

give the impression that you have by leaving

white spaces between some of your sentences as shown above. [See certain papers regularly.]

* * *

The Tubes are likely to be more popular than ever in the Zeppelin days and nights. In fact the nuttish thing to do, now, on seeing a damsel in distress at the sound of an aerial bombardment, will be to take her gently by the arm and ask her to sit it out with you on the Tube stairs.

* * *

The Germans are in possession of Kirlibaba. I hope they won't do it any harm. A place with a name like that is only fit to be stroked.

* * *

Yarmouth to Scarborough: The Blonde Beast Coast.

* * *

We are sure that even at a time like this, we, as a nation, will not withhold from a distinguished opponent, Count Zeppelin, the full measure of our sympathy on what must constitute a tragedy of disappointment. Though he sent out six airships, and though they killed several people, not one of these was a baby.

* * *

With reference to the attack on Sandringham, perhaps it is just as well for us to have a precedent when we go to Potsdam.

* * *

"Why," demands Count von Moltke, "if we wanted war, did we not strike our blow during the Russo-Japanese war, or when Great Britain was sorely taxed with the Boer war?" Or we might add, to help the Count, during the Crimean campaign, or the Spanish Armada, or the Norman Conquest? Germany remained peaceful then and also during the Punic and Trojan wars. *Ergo*, she wanted peace in 1915. *Q. E. D.*

PRIVATE ATKINS *(who, after wading for some distance, has reached comparatively dry ground)*: "What we chaps really want is a jolly good pair of boots as'll let the wet *out*"

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT

The Hon. R. Stonier de Broke.

With reference to your enquiry regarding the new Treasury regulation, it will *not* be necessary for you to obtain Government sanction before negotiating the issue of capital from the source indicated in your letter. It is never the desire of the Treasury to encroach in any way upon such close family relationships. We trust your uncle is well.

* * *

Gradually our fine old British traditions are being set aside by our pert modern administrators. We now see that the police have issued their instructions regarding air raids, not after the event, but before.

* * *

ADVT.—The Secretary of State for War is prepared to engage a number of reporters, journalists, editors, and similar persons for employment at the War Office as DOORMATS. The selected persons would require to have *Salve* tattooed on their backs, and to lie at their appointed doorway for twelve hours daily.—Apply, The Secretary, War Office, S.W.

* * *

The British Fleet in hiding, is it? Well—perhaps, only Germany has got the hiding.

* * *

In connection with the national egg collection for our wounded soldiers and sailors, it is announced that over 60,000 new laid eggs have been despatched to the base hospitals in France, and that the mayors of several important provincial towns are taking the matter up. The mayors' nests will doubtless come in useful to lay the eggs in.

* * *

It appears that 700 barristers are serving with the colours.

Old ways they quit without much grief
To live upon another plan,
And juniors hold the Sovereign's brief,—
King's Counsel every man.

"Not once or twice in our fair Island story, the path of Duty was the way to Glory."—*Tennyson.*

THE BRITISH EMPIRE

THE LAND OF BEAUTY, VIRTUE, VALOUR. TRUTH. Oh! who would not fight for such a Land!

By FRANK DADD

FOLLOW THE DRUM

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ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

Health-Giving—Refreshing—Invigorating. *Known and sold throughout the World.*

A Country Squire to "The Bystander"

ON COMPULSION BY MORAL SUASION

My Dear Bystander—

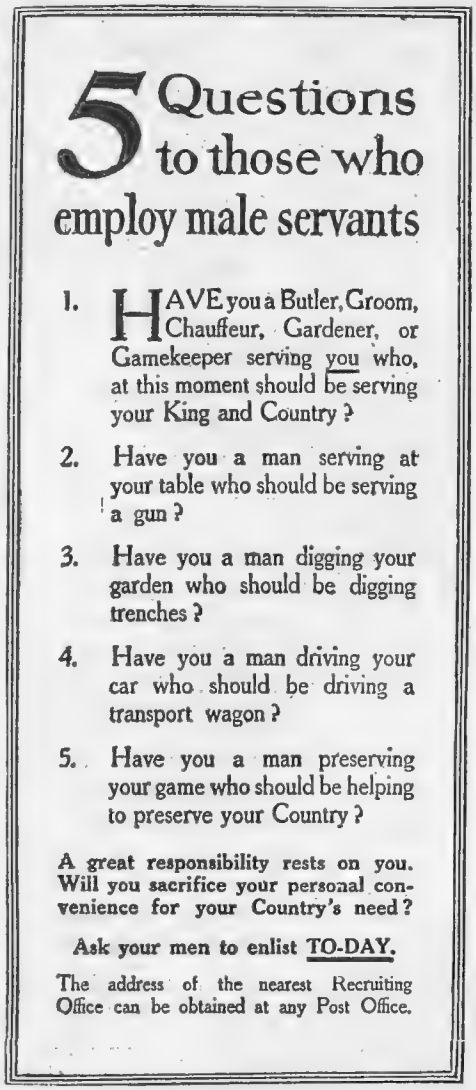
Last week, as you doubtless observed, a recruiting appeal was made (in the form of an advertisement) in the columns of the majority of the daily and evening papers to those who employ male servants. It consisted, in the first place, of the following five questions:

1. *Have you a Butler, Groom, Chauffeur, Gardener, or Gamekeeper serving you who at this moment should be serving your King and Country?*
2. *Have you a man serving at your table who should be serving a gun?*
3. *Have you a man digging your garden who should be digging trenches?*
4. *Have you a man driving your car who should be driving a transport wagon?*
5. *Have you a man preserving your game who should be helping to preserve your Country?*

It then went on to say: *A great responsibility rests on you. Will you sacrifice your personal convenience for your Country's need? Ask your men to enlist TO-DAY.*

Is it not time, my dear Bystander, that a stop was put to this kind of fooling? How are you and I going to answer these questions so far as they apply to us, and what does the answering of them involve?

I am told on the one hand that military service is voluntary, or, in other words, that a man is free to decide for himself whether he will become a soldier or a sailor or take on some other job; but these questions ask me to be—nay, they go further and cast upon me the responsibility of being—the judge as to whether my butler, my groom, my chauffeur, etc., should be serving their King and Country or not. Assuming that these men will offer no objection to my interfering in what they have been taught to regard as a matter which concerns them and them alone, how am I to decide whether they or any one of them "should be" doing any of the various things enumerated? How can I, as a law-abiding Briton, say that a man "should be" doing this, that, or the other thing when the law tells me that he is free to do as he pleases about it?



"Is it not time that a stop was put to this kind of fooling?"

However, let us assume for the moment that the manservant who "should be" serving his country instead of manservanting is the manservant of military age and without physical disabilities—that, I suppose, is what we are asked to assume, though we are not explicitly told so. Let us assume, further, that you, my dear Bystander, have such a man for your butler, that he suits you admirably, and that you appear to suit him equally well. You are told that "a great responsibility rests upon you" and you are called upon to "sacrifice your personal convenience," and so you summon him to your presence, and tell him to go and join. And he replies, "Thank you, Sir, but if it's all the same to you, I prefer to remain in your service." What are you going to do about it?

Are you going to sack him for disobeying your behest? That will do no good, either to you, to him, or to the State. Yet, if you keep him on, your relations with each other can never, for obvious reasons, be the same as they were before.

No, it is not fair that this responsibility should be cast upon you by others who shirk it. If more men are wanted, as we are told they are at every hour of the day, it is the business of those in authority—those who are running the show for you and me and your other readers, and drawing our money for doing it—to take them. Instead of goading others on to do their job for them, without giving them any definite idea of what they want or why they want it done, let them come out into the open, tell us authoritatively who are the men who "should be" serving their country, and, in the words of the parable, "compel them to come in."

We are all heartily sick of this compulsion by moral suasion, and all the badgering and brow-beating which it entails. Let us try a taste of the *real thing* for a change. It can hardly prove more unpalatable.

A Country Squire

Shoolbred's

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ARMY SHIRTS
Made of Army Grey Union Flannel. Grey Buttons and Collar-band
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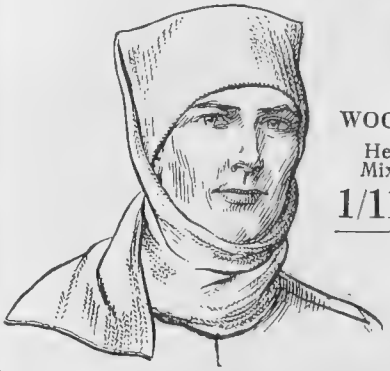
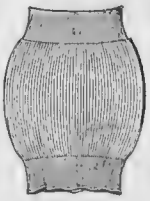


WOOL CAP COMFORTER
The Cap is formed by turning in one end of the Comforter
2/11



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The Ferocious Feminine

WOMAN AS AN APOSTLE OF FRIGHTFULNESS

BY

"EFEMERA"

FIERCENESS is a quality we naturally connect with the fighter. Indeed, the word warrior conjures up a vision of bristling weapons, oaths, and mustachios, and general frightfulness. I really do not know why it should be so. My personal experience may differ from that of others, but so far the soldiers and sailors of my acquaintance have been remarkable for the mildness and courtesy of their manners. Ferocity is now left to non-combatants—and the German Army.

It is easy to understand bitter resentment and the longing for revenge on the part of those whose land has been ravaged, whose homes have been destroyed, and their loved ones killed by a brutal invader. It is only natural that they should be able neither to forgive nor to forget. Men who have fought, who have matched their strength against the enemy, can forgo hate. One does not harbour ill-feeling against a foe met in the open field. It has often been said that women are far more bitter than men. Women have been reproached with keeping open old wounds, with nursing an implacable and unjustifiable hatred. But is it unjustifiable? A man may forgive and forget because he has had the chance to strike as well as to be struck. When one has lost without hope of redress, has been despoiled and bereaved without the opportunity for defending oneself, is it strange that a bitter sense of wrong should endure? It is all very fine to suffer in silence, to accept outrage and loss with Christian resignation, but few of us are saints, and it is only to be expected that women should hate the enemy more fiercely and more unforgivingly than men.

Photograph *Sarony*

PRISCILLA, COUNTESS OF ANNESLEY

Although the announcement of her engagement has been contradicted, we see no reason, on that account, for not publishing her photograph

But what strikes me as strange is the attitude of many who have suffered no harm. It is odd to hear an elderly and hitherto gentle spinster who has never been to Germany, who knows no Germans, and has no personal reason for hating them, declaim against the whole Teutonic nation with entirely German blood-thirstiness. No savage act, no brutality but she would repay a hundred-fold. Personally, she would enjoy shooting the whole nation and stabbing them afterwards. Boiling oil is too good for the wretches. . . . Every German, man, woman, and child, must be exterminated before she will be satisfied.

Now, this sort of thing can do the Germans no harm—indeed, it should flatter them to find us taking leaves from their own book of "frightfulness." If we are fighting Germany to save ourselves and because we refuse to be dominated by German militarism and brutality, it is ridiculous, to say the least, that the most peaceable part of our community should rattle impotent sabres after the most approved German style. Probably old German ladies by the score, who in actual life could not find it in them to kill a mouse, talk gleefully of butchering us by the thousand, but that is no reason why our old ladies, male and female, should follow suit. If it were only a question of profit and loss, we can see for ourselves that Germany has gained no appreciable benefit from the militant efforts of ferocious non-combatants.

We English are not a fierce nation. When the occasion arises we can fight as well as anyone—probably better than most—principally because we are not wantonly cruel or blood-thirsty. We must have faith in the justice of our cause, and we fight as men, not as beasts—or Huns. It is a poor compliment to our men in the field that those who sit at home should urge reprisals of the German stamp. Why should we, even if only in imagination, gloat over such deeds as have made German *Kultur* a byword and a mockery? We cannot even tolerate the idea of them and continue to condemn our enemy. Because Germany's face is blackened is no reason why we should talk viciously of smearing our own.

Not that we have the slightest intention of really doing so. We like to hear the sound of our own voices raised in menace. We derive a peculiar satisfaction from insisting how vindictive we might be if we liked. The coloured gentlemen and ladies in the States call this rather empty bombast "talkin' biggity"—an excellent and expressive phrase. Surely it is a spectacle both pitiable and ridiculous: kind-hearted, inoffensive men and women indulging themselves with ghoulish vapourings in armchairs beside a comfortable fire while those with every provocation to ferocity, those to whom the savagery of war is no empty word, but hard fact, restrain themselves to silence and stern justice.

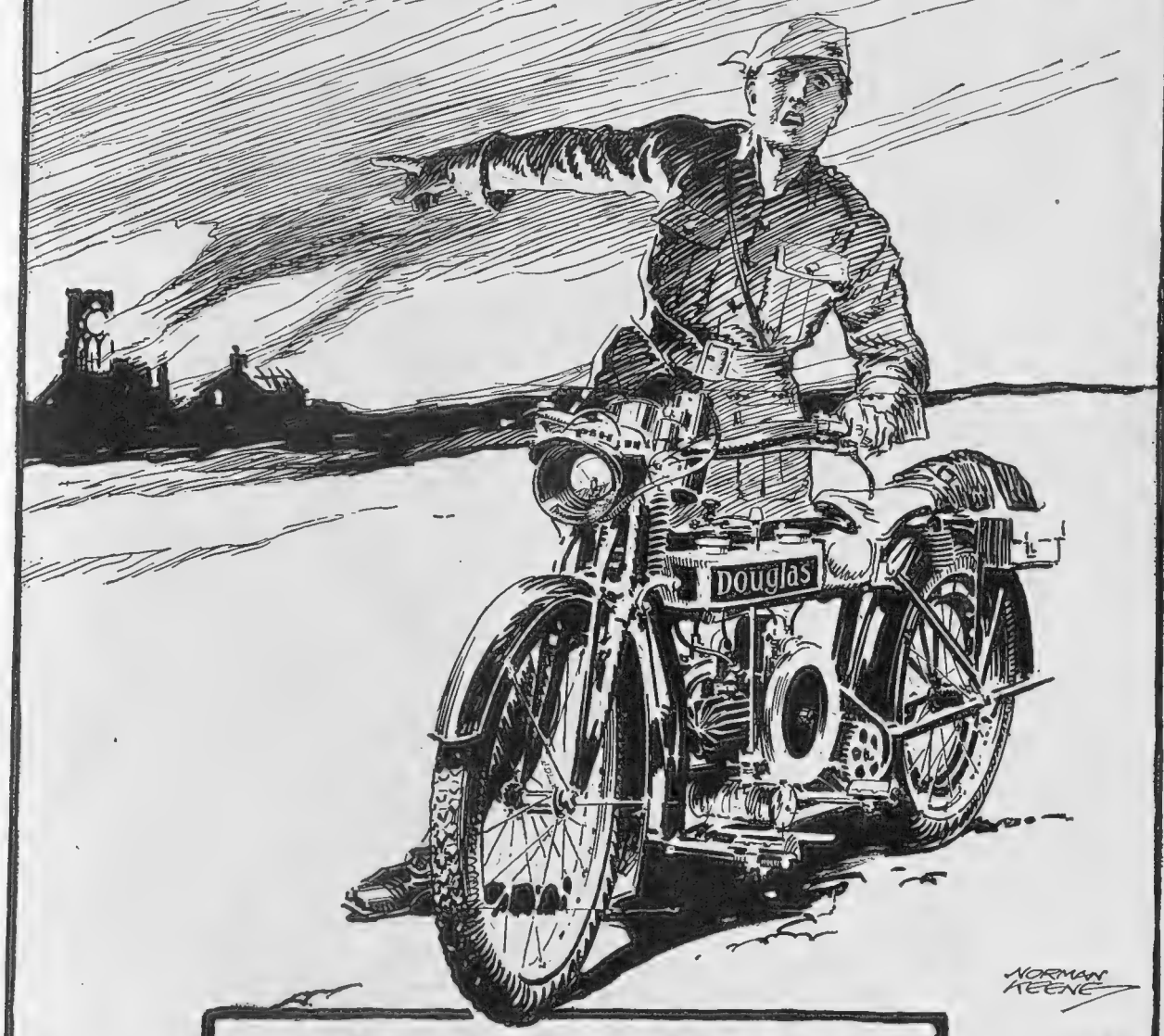
Germany must be beaten, her fangs drawn and her talons cut, but that will not be done by "talkin' biggity."

EFEMERA

The latest despatch

"SEND MORE MEN!"

from the Sportsman's Battalions



Sportsman's Battalions

Royal Fusiliers.

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Col. VISCOUNT MAITLAND

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P.C.B.—16

To a Fellow at the Front

BY AN ENVIOUS STAY-AT-HOME AT THE BACK

My Dear Old Chap—

YOU, in your luxurious trench, know little of the horrors of war, and I don't wonder you're in no hurry to move on, being, as you are, snugly ensconced in quarters replete with every comfort, from gramophones upwards, or downwards, as the case may be. Plum-puddings, socks, motor-cars, Christmas trees, cigars, drinks, etc., are showered upon you free gratis for nothing by a grateful public who have not yet realised the full beauty of an eighteen-penny income-tax. It's good business for you. Some people have all the luck, though you musn't suppose that I grudge it you for a moment. Still, I hope you will sometimes, between the puffs of your Cabana Cabana, spare a thought for the pitiful plight of us poor beggars "at the Back." I often picture you fellows reclining in your perfectly appointed trenches, brilliantly illuminated with the very latest brand of electricity, whilst *we*, on the other hand, crawl about on all fours in the merest apology for a glimmer, never knowing from one moment to another whether a Zeppelin may not mistake us for the Bank of England, or the headquarters of the Red Cross Society, and drop something with disastrous results (to us).

Nobody supplies *us* with gramophones, and if we try to buy one we are told that the price has gone up double on account of the demand for gramophones "at the Front." In fact, we not only don't get anything for nothing, but we pay through the nose for everything we do get. Our very clubs have basely deserted us. It is true they are still open, but they won't give us anything to drink after 10 o'clock, whilst at the same time they have artfully raised their charges on various flimsy pretexts so as to make us pay for all the drinks they won't let us have! All my socks are wearing out, but I simply daren't go and ask for some new ones. "Very sorry, sir, great demand for socks at the Front; perhaps in six weeks or so we may be able to supply you, etc., etc." *I* know. And the end will probably be that I shall be landed with some rotten shoddy things at about 15*s*. a pair.

It's rapidly coming to this, old man, you chaps at the Front will have to play the game and send us back some of those socks and gramophones and things you've collared—otherwise we shall have to come out and fetch 'em.

Yours ever,

Jim

Be British.

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TYRES MADE BY OUR ALLIES
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By buying American tyres you send all but a small fraction of the money out of the country, at a time when it was never needed more, penalising also British labour.

The purchase of our Allies' tyres has at least the excuse of chivalry, but it is as strategically wrong as it would have been to have split up our Expeditionary Force into units for the assistance of France, Russia, Belgium, Servia.

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BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 582.—Vol. XLV. Wednesday, January 27, 1915 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

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ESSEX.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF ANCIENT TOWN OF BRAINTREE.—For SALE, this picturesque old HOUSE, dating back to early XVIIth Century, on high ground and sandy soil. Containing quantity of oak beams and other interesting features; overhauled recently and electric light and central heating installed: Lounge halls, 2 reception rooms, delightful old library with clear-storey windows, school and play rooms, 3 staircases, 10 bedrooms, bathroom and usual offices; stabling for 2, garage with pit; lovely old-world gardens, orchard and paddock, in all over 4 acres.

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TO BE LET, UNFURNISHED, OR SOLD.

THIS SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT RESIDENCE, standing on sand rock soil, 250ft. above sea level, and commanding charming views: carriage drive; hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms and bathroom; Company's water; ornamental gardens and grounds of 7 acres with rippling stream and artificial falls; woodland walk, Badminton hall, etc.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (5,016)

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£1,900 IS REQUIRED for a pretty old gabled COTTAGE RESIDENCE (part 350 years old), situated in a bracing position on the Downs and commanding lovely views: 4 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall; stabling for 4; small farmery; pretty well-timbered grounds, bounded by a river, and including large lawns, herbaceous borders, fruit and kitchen garden, in all about 13¼ acres; near golf; good hunting.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,974)

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¾ OF A MILE FROM THE STATION. 35 MINUTES FROM WATERLOO.

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1¼ hours from Town.

FOR SALE, this CREEPER-CLAD RESIDENCE, 330ft. above sea level, approached by long avenue drive, and commanding lovely views: 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom; stabling for 4; 2 cottages; charming gardens and grounds, plantations and pastureland, in all about 45 acres.—Particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,469)

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PRETTY SIXTEENTH CENTURY RESIDENCE, with original oak beams, for SALE ONLY. There are 2 reception rooms, 6 bedrooms and bathroom; modern sanitation; Bungalow. About 2 acres of grounds, including tennis and croquet lawns, orchard and paddock; 2½ miles from golf links. Price £2,000.—Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,010)

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ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AN OLD-FASHIONED TOWN.

TO BE SOLD OR LET, UNFURNISHED, a pretty creeper-clad TUDOR RESIDENCE, occupying one of the best positions in the district. 280ft. above sea level, and in perfect order throughout. The Property is bounded by three large estates, and the soil is gravel and chalk. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.; gas, Company's water; modern drainage; stabling for 5 horses, 2 garages, chauffeur's cottage; the grounds are a feature and contain many fine trees; there are 2 tennis courts, sunk rose garden, herbaceous borders, etc., in all about 19 acres.—Further particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W. (7,803)

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Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.

CLOSE TO THE CELEBRATED GOLF LINKS.

FOR SALE, a BEAUTIFUL REPLICA OF AN OLD

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All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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A PERFECT SMALL SIXTEENTH CENTURY HOUSE, containing beautiful old oak panelling and beams: lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 7 or more bedrooms, bathroom; electric light; garage, stabling for 3; farmery; cottage; delightful old gardens and grassland of about 31 acres. For SALE, or might be LET, Unfurnished.—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

GENUINE OLD ELIZABETHAN MANOR HOUSE.

TO LET FURNISHED

(OR UNFURNISHED, £230 PER ANNUM).

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RICHLY CARVED OAK PANELLING AND OAK BEAMS.

Electric light; heating by radiators; main water; stabling for 4; garage, cottage.

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Easy reach of Ipswich. 1½ hours from London by express trains.

£200 PER ANNUM, UNFURNISHED.

A CHARMING OLD ELIZABETHAN HOUSE, standing in finely timbered park. Long avenue drive with lodge: 15 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, ample offices; stabling for 9, garage, cottage; delightful gardens.

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TOWN HOUSES TO BE LET.

Rent £230. Premium £200.

A COUNTRY HOUSE IN TOWN WITH STUDIO.

AVENUE ROAD, REGENT'S PARK.—Fine detached RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, approached by separate private road and surrounded by charming grounds of about 1½ acres: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 4 reception rooms, studio, capital offices; large garage with rooms over.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount St., W.

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CHESTER STREET, BELGRAVE SQUARE.—To be LET, an attractive BIJOU HOUSE, containing: 6 or 7 bedrooms, good bathroom, really splendid reception rooms, and the usual domestic offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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MAGNIFICENTLY APPOINTED AND CLOSE TO PARK.

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WITHIN EASY REACH OF THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

WILTON STREET, GROSVENOR PLACE.—A charming little HOUSE to be LET, Unfurnished, at the low rental quoted above. It faces South and comprises: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 good reception rooms and excellent offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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GREAT CUMBERLAND PLACE.—A newly appointed RESIDENCE to be LET, Unfurnished, facing West close to the Park, and containing: 7 or 8 bedrooms, bathroom, square lounge hall, and 4 exceptionally fine reception rooms; remarkably good domestic offices.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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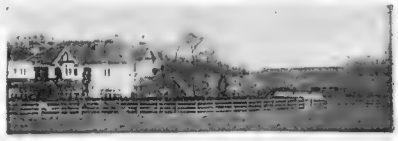
EXCELLENT SMALL COUNTRY ESTATE OF 286 OR 74 ACRES for SALE as a whole or in lots.—Charming HOUSE, standing on a knoll and commanding views of the park and lake, and with pretty gardens: 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms; stabling for 8, heated garage; lodge; lake of 4 to 5 acres stocked with trout; good park and grassland. A PRODUCTIVE FARM OF 72 ACRES, with substantial farmhouse (16 rooms); exceptionally good homestead. ALSO 111 ACRES GOOD CORN GROWING LAND, with 9-roomed house, stabling and premises. With possession.—Particulars of Messrs. DIBB and Co., Solicitors, Leeds; Messrs. SURRIDGE and SON, Coggeshall; and of Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HANTS.—To be SOLD, one of the FINEST RESIDENTIAL ESTATES in the country, extending to about 2,500 ACRES, comprising the above MAGNIFICENT MANSION of great historical interest, with some 40 bedrooms, fine suite of reception rooms, etc.—Detailed illustrated particulars from the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), who have personally inspected this exceptional Estate.



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FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.

PICTURESQUE LITTLE ESTATE OF ABOUT 17 ACRES: 6 bedrooms, bath, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall; stables, garage and outbuildings; lovely gardens and grounds laid out with great care at considerable expense.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

THIS BEAUTIFUL OLD BLACK AND WHITE RESIDENCE.

WORCESTERSHIRE.—To LET, Furnished, for any period, at low rental: 7 bedrooms, bath, and 3 reception rooms; electric light; Company's water; main drainage; grounds of 2 acres.

NEAR GOLF. TENNIS CLUBS, AND FISHING.

—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (F 8,737)

FOR OCCUPATION AND INVESTMENT.

Under instructions from Captain Henry Keswick, M.P. First portion of the Eastwick Estate, upon exceptionally easy terms as to payment.

GREAT BOOKHAM, SURREY.—Notice of 43 FREEHOLD HOUSES, including modern and old-fashioned country cottages, for SALE by AUCTION by Mr. CHAS. OSENTON, at Bookham on February 10, 1915. Solicitors, Messrs. FRESHFIELD, 31, Old Jewry, E.C.—Further particulars from the offices of the Auctioneer, at Epsom, Ashtead, Leatherhead, etc.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE HUNTING DISTRICT,

and affording excellent sporting facilities.

3½ miles from Berkeley Road Station on the main M. Rly. line midway between Bristol and Gloucester.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED, CHARMINGLY SITUATED RESIDENCE with GROUNDS, tennis court, kitchen garden, etc. The House contains: 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, billiard room, fitted bathroom, 2 kitchens, dairy, etc.; there is excellent stabling and garage, farm and other outbuildings, and 2 workmen's cottages; about

43 ACRES PASTURE AND ORCHARDING,

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IMPORTANT NOTICE TO ALL "BYSTANDER" READERS.

FOUNDED 1871.

The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

£2,000 will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Offices, Nos. 36 to 44, Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *bona-fide* holder of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season ticket-holder, or trader's ticket-holder; or

£1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are of the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident; (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its principal Office in London within seven days after the accident, and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

This Insurance entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED, ACT, 1890," Risks Nos. 2, 3, 5, and 6, when they are not incompatible with the special conditions above stated.

This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 26th day of January, 1915, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 3rd day of February, 1915.

The possession of this Coupon-Insurance-Ticket is admitted to be the payment of a premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A print of the Act can be seen at the Principal Office of the Corporation.

This Insurance holds good in the case of a Railway Servant travelling with a pass in a passengers' compartment.

Signature.....

THIS COUPON DOES NOT INSURE AGAINST WAR RISKS.

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36-44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

NOTE.—For the sum of £1 8*s.* 2*d. (for 52 weeks) and for* 14*s.* 1*d. (for 26 weeks) you receive* THE BYSTANDER *post free and are insured as above.*

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Graceful Figure
AND A
Pretty Chin

Have you a Double Chin, Large Waist, Large Bust, Large Abdomen, or that Ugly Flesh hanging over your Corset at the back, which adds years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., or call, when she will give you all particulars of her treatment, which she guarantees will remove all Superfluous Flesh, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles or any other blemishes. No dieting nor exercises necessary.

MEDICALLY APPROVED.

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(ELECTROLYSIS HOME TREATMENT.)

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The particular and important feature of Benger's Food is that it can be prepared to suit any degree of digestive power. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles which act during the cooling process just before it is finally heated for serving. As the weak stomach of baby or invalid begins to strengthen by the assimilation of the food, a gradually increasing amount of digestive work can be left to it, thus giving the advantage of a *regulated* exercise of the digestive functions.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.
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"Retained when all other foods are rejected."

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CRAMER PIANOS
British made.
Established in London, 1824.

HAVE "AN IDEAL TONE."

A Cramer Piano can be purchased for 24 Guineas and upwards,

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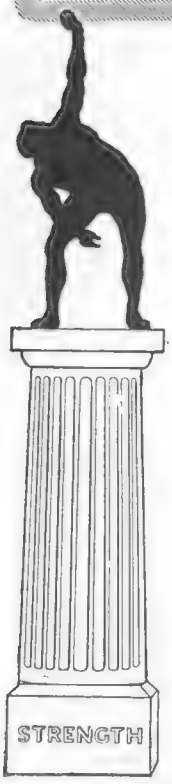

The Food-Drink
that gives and maintains health, strength, and all-round efficiency

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

Ready in a moment by stirring briskly in hot or cold water.

NO COOKING REQUIRED.

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as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Convenient to carry and always ready for use. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining: relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.
A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.

Write for a copy of our booklet—DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE.

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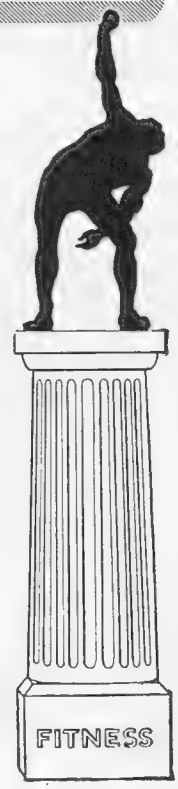

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UNMADE ARMY SHIRTS

STRONG UNION FLANNEL.
UNMADE but CUT-OUT ready for finishing

3/6 & 4/6 each.

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These serviceable Union Flannel Shirts are unmade, but are **cut out** ready. With each Shirt is supplied a set of Buttons, Neckband, and a "Form" giving full instructions for finishing.

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By Royal Appointment.

"DUVET" CHAIRS

ENGLISH MADE PARQUET FLOORS (HOWARD'S PATENT).

BRITISH MANUFACTURED FABRICS.

HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
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How Superfluous Hair may be Removed — Never to Return

A subject of absorbing interest to most women, and one around which much has been written by beauty experts of the day.

It is, however, an acknowledged fact, that until quite recently, nothing had been discovered which would kill the hair roots for all time. The majority of the depilatories now before the public give no permanent result, as their action is merely superficial—burning off the hair at the point of contact with the skin—and consequently in a few days' time the growth reappears, usually with renewed strength and vigour. Many women suffering from disfiguring hair upon face and arms have long since given up in despair, and are resigned, more or less, to a hairy and humiliating appearance. To these unfortunate folks a ray of hope is now visible. Six years of experimenting has resulted in well-deserved success, and phelactine will undoubtedly prove the greatest treasure any woman could possibly have upon her toilet table. Space prohibits anything more than passing comment upon this remarkable substance, the outstanding features of which are—that it cannot injure the most delicate skin, and that one application is sufficient to remove the offending hair BY THE ROOT. Get about 12 grammes from the chemist, which quantity should be enough to remove the growth permanently from a considerable surface. It might here be mentioned that phelactine acts so efficiently because it *removes* the root at the first application without injury to the most delicate skin; whereas chemical depilatories merely burn off the hair, leaving the root untouched.

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A LIFE-LONG SUFFERER FINDS RELIEF.

Messrs. Savory and Moore continue to receive the most remarkable testimony to the value of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges for Indigestion, etc. Many sufferers, like the writer of the letter below, find that the lozenges are successful even in cases of long standing, when all other remedies tried have failed to give relief. They are made solely by Savory and Moore, who strongly recommend them for Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Hunger Pain, and all forms of Indigestion. They are pleasant to take and quite harmless.

TESTIMONY:—

"Oxford Lodge, Southampton. Oct., 1914.

"Miss Sargeant, having used Messrs. Savory and Moore's Absorbent Lozenges, wishes to express her very great appreciation of them. She has found them an extraordinary cure for indigestion, from which she has suffered all her life, and has never before found that any advertised remedies have done her the smallest good."

Boxes, 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., of all Chemists.

A FREE TRIAL BOX

of the Lozenges will be sent to all who write, enclosing 1d. for postage, and mentioning THE BYSTANDER, to Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143a, New Bond Street, London.

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ABSORBENT LOZENGES

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"Daily Graphic"
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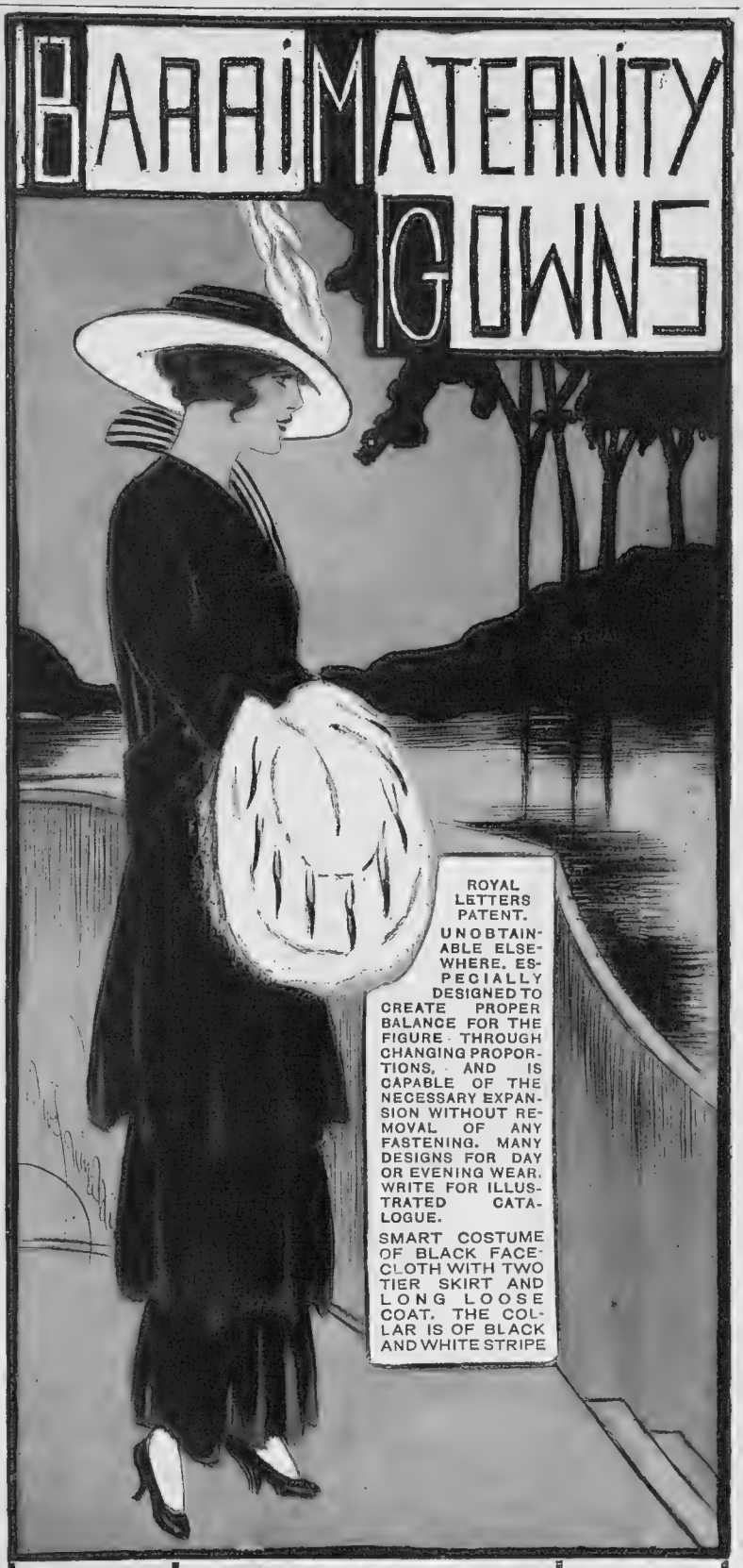
To all its Readers.

THE COUPON NEED NOT BE SIGNED

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS



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SMART COSTUME OF BLACK FACE-CLOTH WITH TWO TIER SKIRT AND LONG LOOSE COAT. THE COLLAR IS OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPE

DAINTY LAYETTE | **BARRI** 72, Baker St., London, W. | CORSETS BELTS

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Hair Wavers.

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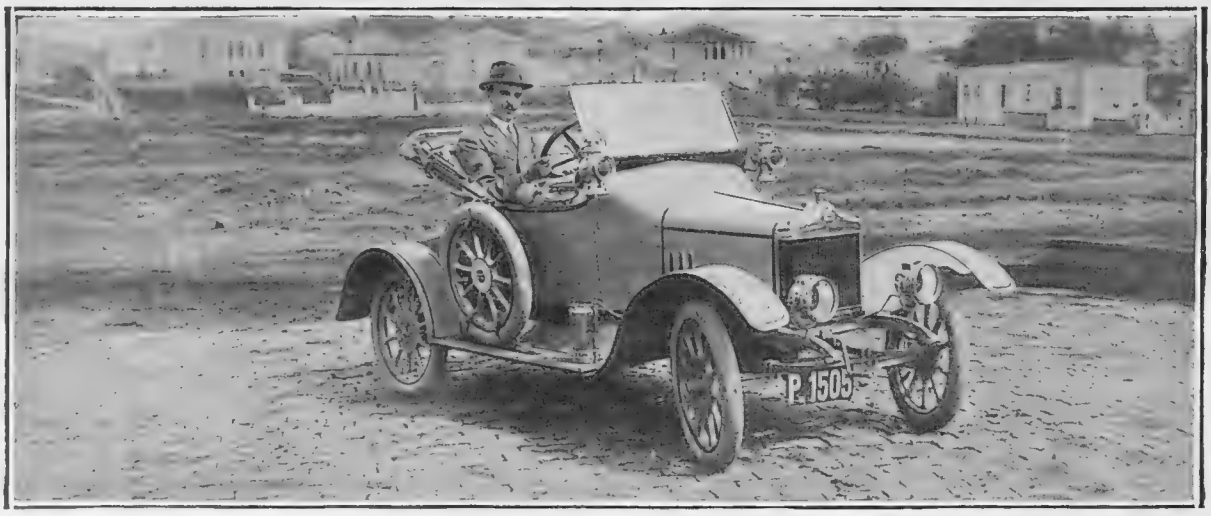
Tints grey or faded hair any natural shade desired. Permanent, washable. Contains no lead, mercury, sulphur. Medical certificate accompanies each bottle. Trial bottle 7d., large case 2/2 post free, secretly packed. Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers everywhere or direct. HINDES LTD., Finsbury, London.



THE "STANDARD" IN BRAZIL

Brazil, where nuts without the "k" are reputed to come from, has taken very kindly to the 9·5 h.p. All British Standard light car. This is an illustration of one such, a photograph received from the owner in St. Paulo

Motoring and Some Discoveries

AMERICA'S LEAD TO EUROPE. BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The New York Exhibition

MUCH instruction is to be had out of the proper reading of the reports upon the New York Motor Show. There is the significance of the great increase in the number of cars on exhibition to be observed; which means that, unless the British manufacturer is very careful indeed, and more ready to take advantage of his opportunities, he will have New York as a most effective competitor with London for the premier position among the motor shows of the world. If we are going to maintain the position we claim for ourselves as the worlds' motor market, we must move a little more rapidly or the Philistines will be upon us—Philistines who are about as tender-hearted and as sympathetic towards us in motor affairs as in the affairs of copper and other contraband. This, however, is a manufacturer's matter and no business of mine.

***

The Sad Case of the Electric Car

My interest, and that of the private motorist generally, lies in the mechanical tendencies and the general constructional and equipmental development crystallised in the New York Exhibition. First, America is clearly not in such a hurry to revive its steam car, almost defunct, as it is to dispose of its electromobile. The drop in the number of electric vehicles, which at one time were supposed to be very seriously threatening the supremacy of the petrol car, is quite one of the features of the show, and nicely disposes of the various stories which have floated across the Pond from time to time, of epoch-making and revolutionising electrical discoveries which were going to stagger motoring humanity and make the petrol engine maker "feel like 30 cents." Many petrol engine-makers will, in due season, doubtless be feeling quite as cheap as that; but it will be much more due to the methods of high and low finance which operate in and around a large portion of the American motor industry, than to the sudden rise of electric cars in popular favour. The often-threatened Edison battery has still to arrive.

***

Touching Equipment

In other connections, however, electricity makes very rapid headway on the car. Electrical equipment for motor-starting, car lighting, and ignition (with supplies drawn from the lighting battery as distinguished from the magneto), is more common to the American car than the starting-handle, and there is little doubt at all that my many-year-old anticipation of a usage as universal as screens and hoods will soon be realised. The British car still lags in this respect, and lagging is merely a form of lack of enterprise and industrial indolence. In this regard, and in the matter of the fully-equipped-in-drive-away-condition-with-nothing-more-to-buy vehicle, we have much leeway to make up. There is also the six and eight-cylinder car development, which must wait for consideration, so far as I am concerned, until later.

***

The Stellite

A special display of Stellite light-cars is being held during the next few weeks at the Wolseley Garage, York Street, Westminster. This is the famous light-car in such favour with Army officers because of its reliability, economy, power, and general handiness, particularly on bad roads. It is, of course, a Wolseley design, made in Vickers works of Vickers steel That fact makes any further recommendation sheer redundancy.

C.A.V. Lamp Bulbs for Car Lighting. Best light at lowest cost, and no trouble. Strong, efficient, reliable. Best for all Car Lighting purposes. Write for Catalogue. — C. A. Vandervell & Co., Electrical Engineers, Acton, London, W.

To Ford Owners. — The Claudel-Hobson special carburettor set for Fords, price £5 5s., increases power and reduces consumption. Once set never requires alteration. — H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.

THE "NAPIER" OF H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF NABLIA, PUNJAUB

One of the eight ruling Princes of Ind who own six-cylinder Napiers. The car illustrated is a 30-35 h.p. six-cylinder cabriolet, photographed against the Alexandra Girls' School in Bombay. Observe in the background a pony cart made out of an old motor-car tonneau

The Subtle Charm

of a Zenobia Perfume cannot be conveyed in words. There is nothing else in the realm of perfumery that suggests so delicately the natural scent of living blossoms. Try

Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom,
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TO keep the skin and complexion always in a perfectly healthy condition use

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

and use it habitually before going out; a little applied to the face and hands is the best possible safeguard against injury to the skin and complexion from extremes of temperature and cold winds. The "LA-ROLA" action on the skin tissues removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, &c., and ensures a permanently good complexion.

In bottles, 1/- and 2/6, of all Chemists and Stores.

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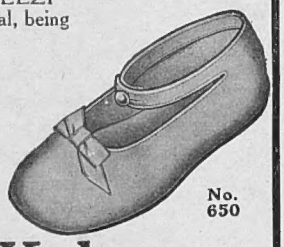
KELZEEZI

THE first steps should be taken in shoes that give ease and protection to the little foot so that its natural beauty may be preserved — "KELZEEZI" shoes are the means to this ideal, being perfectly constructed, anatomically correct, and made from the finest materials.



No. 650 represents the ankle strap slipper. It is handsewn throughout, white lined, and stocked in Black, White, Tan, Red and Blue.

Sizes: 2½—3½ 4—5 5½—6½ 7—8½
Prices: 3/9 4/- 4/6 5/3

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Early Spring Fashion Forecast

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Chic of Simplicity

ONLY those absolutely in the know have actually realised yet the irresistible trend that has set in for the simple undisturbed *ligne*. And prominent among these is Madame Barri, 72, Baker Street. The realisation has probably come the more easily to this *couturière* since her particular *métier* in life is the study of *ligne*. The special occasion gowns, for which her name is world-famed, are necessarily a matter of deep study on this count. Another fine point in favour of Mme. Barri is her originative talent, a possession that is standing her in particularly good stead just now, with Paris models very much at a standstill.

In advance, as usual, with her Spring tailor-mades, she has struck an assured note of success in the black gabrille costume, which forms the subject of the accompanying sketch. I can hear a chorus of voices exclaiming that this is just the coat and skirt they are yearning to possess. And with no disparagement to Mrs. Dorothy Millar's work, it is yet only fair to say that nothing short of a personal investigation of this costume can bring its qualities properly to light. Primarily there is cut, and certain subtle little touches, such as three tiny stitched pleats introduced at the shoulder, and running for a short distance down both sides of the front. The handling of the back, again, is altogether delightful, the basque just in the centre being eased on, thus allowing the upper part to be kept perfectly flat. There is a high roll-over collar of black velvet lined striped black-and-white velvet, a tiny roll of the latter finishing the sides of the black velvet hems, introduced at the ends of the sash of gabrille. And this black-and-white relief is also effectively emphasised in large torpedo-shaped buttons of cut black jet divided in the centre by a line of ivory bone. Although not visible in the picture, the skirt has a short tunic, ornamented with scollops at one side only, the under falling plain and slim.

Shadow Black Chantilly Lace

In response to the increasing demand Madame Barri is bestowing special attention on the *demi-toilette* which on occasion serves equally well as a smart afternoon gown. After this *genre* is a soft black satin allied with cobweb-like black Chantilly lace, the latter fashioning the lower half of the skirt beneath a long tunic of the satin, likewise a sort of Zouave to the soft corsage of black chiffon, the Zouave finishing at the back in a little loose-pointed cape, just lightly held to the figure by a jet buckle. It is altogether a gown of the daintiest and most elegant description, and one that at the same time would lend itself admirably to the clever adaptations alluded to above.

And just a mention of another notable feature in these *salons—Crêpe de Chine lingerie*. Exercising the most admirable taste and avoiding extravagant, fussy effects, and, in particular, the *démodé* ribbon-run beadings, Mme. Barri has contrived to place her pretty *crêpe de Chine* underwear on a very high plane of distinctive value. It may be safely said its like is not to be found elsewhere.

TAILOR-MADE COSTUME

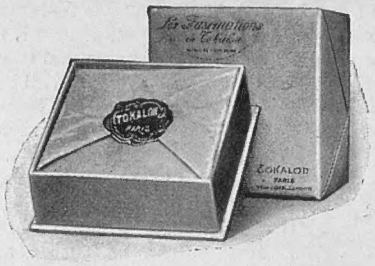
Of black gabrille, with black-and-white relief on the collar, the hems of the sash and the buttons, designed by Mme. Barri, 72, Baker Street, and fully described on this page

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

The Correct Head Silhouette

The more one sees and has to do with millinery the greater respect one acquires for those responsible for its creation. The adept, by some wholly indescribable means, invests a model with a *chic* that is absolutely lacking in the cheaply turned-out hat, probably built with a view to presenting the same effect. Since the advent of the sales I have frequently come near to condemning for all time the round black velvet toque with the hard edge. These are not for the average Englishwoman, who, good sort as she is, has not the most elementary notion of what it means to "live up to your clothes." This is a study in itself, frequently absorbing an immensity of time. Others, again, being specially gifted in the clothes sense, adapt themselves quite quickly to a new pose. But that which so many seem to have overlooked in the acceptance of the hard close little toque is the importance of the *coiffure*.

The latest shapes, I am in a position to tell you, are smaller than ever, and oblong rather than round. At the one side they show quite an appreciable amount of hair as they are tilted at a quite sharp angle, and at the other a few light tendrils



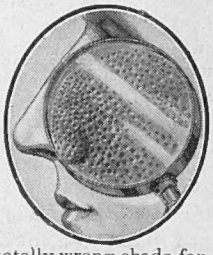
POUDRE FASCINATION
DE TOKALON

Never causes enlarged pores and it blends with the natural tints of the skin so closely that its use defies detection.

Prepared in shades to exactly suit every complexion, its impalpable fineness, lightness, softness, and absolute freedom from all heavy or gritty particles is ensured by a patent "air-floating" process to which it is subjected after first being screened through silk of closest mesh.

SPECIALLY ADHERENT, AND GUARANTEED TO CONTAIN NO BISMUTH, PEARL WHITE, OR OTHER INJURIOUS MINERAL OR VEGETABLE SUBSTANCES

UGLY, ENLARGED PORES are directly caused by impure and starchy particles entering the pores, swelling on contact with the moisture, and thus enlarging the pores and clogging the skin, so blemishes rapidly develop. Mineral ingredients, with which impure powders are sometimes adulterated, are also very harmful.



POUDRE FASCINATION DE TOKALON is guaranteed pure and harmless to the most delicate and sensitive complexions. Be sure to use powder of the right tint. Many ladies use a totally wrong shade for years before discovering why it always shows and gives them a "made-up" appearance. Poudre Fascination de Tokalon is prepared in four different shades.

FREE TRIAL.—Liberal trial packets of all colours will be posted free on receipt of a penny stamp for postage.

TOKALON, Ltd. (Dept. 107), 214, Gt. Portland St., London, W.

NOTE.—Always apply a little Crème Tokalon (non-greasy) to the skin before using face powder. This is the secret of rendering powder perfectly adherent and invisible. Crème Tokalon also possesses wonderful skin rejuvenating qualities. If you have not yet used it a pleasant surprise awaits you.

PRICES.—Poudre Fascination de Tokalon in boxes **1/9** and **2/11**. In compressed cakes (comprimés), **1/-** and **1/9**. Crème Tokalon costs **1/3** a pot; large size **2/-**.

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Ganesh Eastern Cream keeps the skin soft and fine, contains a little of the Oil, and is made up to suit all skins, 3/6, 6/6, 10/6.

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Several fine quality real Turkey carpets about 9ft. by 12ft. from **£4 17s. 6d.**; real Turkey rugs at **17s. 6d.**; massive carved oak sideboard, **£5 15s.**; overmantel fitment to match, **£2 10s.**; extending dining table to match, **£2 17s 6d.**; two elegantly-carved armchairs and six small ditto to match, **£6 15s.**; elegant Queen Anne design sideboard, fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., **£7 15s.**; set of eight Queen Anne design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carved chairs and six smaller ditto, **£7 15s.**; oval extending Queen Anne design dining table, **£4 10s.**; Queen Anne design mantel mirror to match, **42s.**; 18 luxurious Chesterfield settees, **£2 15s.**; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match at **£1 10s.**; magnificently carved grandfather clocks; fine tone upright piano, **£7 15s.**; a magnificent instrument by George Brinsmead, **14 gs.**; and an exceptionally fine small grand piano, **£25**, equal to new. Several sets of complete old English table glass from **£4 15s.**; four oak American roll-top desks at **£3 15s.**; and many other items too numerous to mention here.

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Nineteen elegant design large Axminster bordered carpets from **3 gs.**; elegant design suite, comprising luxuriously sprung settee, with two lounge easy chairs and four occasional chairs, covered rich Paris silk tapestry, **£9 15s.**; very elegant Louis XIV. design china cabinet to match, **£6 15s.**; choice centre table, **21s.**; and Louis XIV. design overmantel, **35s.**; elaborately carved and gilt Louis Seize design suite of seven pieces, including settee, **12 gns.** complete; white enamelled French cabinets; Vernis Marten painted tables, escritoires, etc.; the satinwood decorated china cabinet, 4ft. 6in. wide, **£14 14s**; satinwood decorated centre table, **£2 10s.**; satinwood decorated overmantel, **£3 10s.**; costly satinwood decorated suite, covered choice brocade gobelin blue silk, **£16 16s.**

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L. LEWIS, Manager

are gently coaxed forward. But the disposal of the *coiffure* is all-important to a really successful issue, and this will likely be gathered from the picture given of the correct head silhouette, with its tiny black velvet cap-like toque, worn with a nose-length veil, a reminiscence of the early 'sixties and Leech's immortal pictures.

Hair Culture à la Cavendish

No one has come nearer to solving the grey hair problem than Mrs. Helen Cavendish, of 120, New Bond Street. I say "come nearer" advisedly, for Mrs. Cavendish is careful to insist upon the fact that her Radium Hair Restorer does not claim to have any restorative effect upon hair that has turned absolutely white, since in this case there is nothing for the colour fluid to act upon. But where the glands at the roots of the hair which supply the pigment, without being wholly atrophied, are weakened to the extent which produces greyness, then the Radium preparation can, and does, restore the hair to its original colour, whatever that may have been—does it, too, in a remarkably short time. A great point in its favour, of course, is that it is emphatically not a dye, and being pleasant to use, is quite a satisfactory "pick-me-up" to employ where the hair, without being actually threatened with greyness, has lost some of its vitality and "tone."

BLACK VELVET CAP-LIKE TOQUE

With nose-length veil, specially sketched for "The Bystander" to illustrate the correct head silhouette of to-day

SKETCHED BY DOROTHY MILLAR

A National and Patriotic Institution

Not for many centuries has so strong a spirit of patriotism pervaded our land. There is not one of us, man or woman, who is not asking: "What can *I* do?" We cannot all serve in the fighting-line; but we can all do *something* for the Country and Empire; and a matter of supreme importance is the care of the nation's children. Dr. Barnardo's Homes are labouring in the service of orphan and destitute children, and we feel sure that the British public would wish their charter "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission" to be maintained. Ten shillings maintains the whole of this work in all its efficiency for one minute. Give yourself the joy of feeling that for at least one minute you are bearing upon yourself the total burden of this national work. Gifts of all kinds, money, clothing, blankets, etc., will be welcomed by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at Headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E.

Port Sunlight's Rally to the Colours

Nearly 2,000 employees of Lever Brothers, Ltd., Port Sunlight, have responded to the call of their King and Country by joining one branch or another of His Majesty's forces. Their situations will be kept open pending their return to civil life, and their names are inscribed on a Roll of Honour which has been given a prominent place in the vestibule of the Head Offices of the Company at Port Sunlight, and takes the form of a mahogany stand bearing four framed and glazed wings. On the one side of these wings the names of the men are recorded, and the reverse sides are occupied by a series of photographs illustrating the enlistment of the men, the farewell meetings that were held, and the departure of the men from Port Sunlight, as well as a number of views of their life in camp. The stand is surmounted by a group of flags of the Allied Nations. As a slight memento the Company is presenting to every man a framed illustration of the stand, and on this a certificate is printed recording the fact that the recipient's name appears on the Roll of Honour.

The Menu: Some Nourishing and Inexpensive Soups

Macaroni Soup

Put one pint of milk and the same quantity of water in a stewpan, and boil up, adding salt to taste. When the milk and water reaches boiling-point, put in one onion and 2 oz. of macaroni. Simmer for one hour, and then add ½ oz. of breadcrumbs, and cook for a quarter of an hour longer; pass all through a sieve, return to the pan, add chopped parsley to flavour, pepper and salt, and a heaped tablespoonful of grated cheese. Stir well, cook a few seconds, and serve.

Lentil Soup

Wash ½ lb. of lentils, and put them to soak overnight in cold water. In the morning drain them, and put them in a pan with three pints of cold water, bring to the boil, and skim well, then add one onion, one carrot, one turnip, and a little celery, all cut up small, a pinch of mace, a bay leaf, pepper, and a slice of bread. Simmer for one and a half hours. Strain the soup, rubbing as much of the pulp as possible through a sieve. Melt 1 oz. of butter in the pan, stir into it 1 oz. of flour, add half a pint of milk, and boil for four minutes. Add the soup, and simmer until heated through. Serve with fried dice of bread and dried mint.

Scotch Broth

Take 3 lb. or 4 lb. of the scrag, or neck of mutton, put it into a saucepan with three quarts of water, half a teacupful of pearl barley, pepper and salt to taste. Let this simmer gently for four hours. About one hour before serving put in one onion, one carrot, one turnip, and one small cabbage, all shredded very fine. When these are quite soft strain all into a soup tureen with a tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley, and serve.

Flemish Soup

Peel three large onions, and cut one head of celery in small pieces, slice about six potatoes that have been peeled, put 2 oz. of butter into a stewpan, and one gill of water. Boil slowly for an hour, then fill up the stewpan with a quart of broth or water, let it boil till the potatoes are quite soft, then rub all through a sieve, boil up again, and add one pint of milk. This quantity is sufficient for four persons.

Kidney Soup

Boil ¼ lb. of ox kidney in about three pints of stock or water until the kidney is partly cooked. Then take it out and cut into small dice. Add to the stock one onion, two carrots, one turnip, and one head of celery. Add more water or stock if necessary, and boil gently for four hours. Take it off the fire, put through a sieve, return to the pan, add a teaspoonful of mushroom ketchup, salt and pepper, and the pieces of kidney. Let it boil for ten minutes, and serve.

Parsnip Soup

Melt 1 oz. of butter in a saucepan, then stir in two parsnips and two small onions cut into small pieces, cook for about five minutes, then add one tomato sliced and one and a half pints of white stock or water. Cook until the vegetables are quite tender, then rub through a sieve, return the soup to the saucepan, and when it comes to the boil, add a dessertspoonful of flour mixed with a teacupful of cold milk, boil for four minutes, season with salt and white pepper, throw in a teaspoonful of finely chopped parsley, and serve very hot. If the soup is wanted extra good, add the yolk of an egg and a tablespoonful of cream. They can be put in the tureen and the soup poured over them.

EMILIA